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No. 36727

SATURDAY, APRIL 27, 1957.

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COMMENT OF THE DAY

People Apart

THE annual report of the District Commissioner, New Territories, includes the figures of an unofficial census taken in the Spring of 1956; but this is by no means the most interesting section of the survey. It does indicate that the inhabitants of the New Territories constitute about one-eighth of the Colony's total population, and are on the increase. But their impact on the Colony's corporate and economic life is less easily definable.

Possibly the most surprising disclosure of the District Commissioner's report is that, despite the "opening up" of the New Territories since the war those who reside therein remain almost as remote as far as the urban dwellers are concerned as ever before. As Mr Barnett observes, contact is not made with the villages, even with those near the road. The inference is that those who live in the towns are just as insular and shy as the villagers and the boat people.

The blame—if any blame exists—is not wholly attachable to the "city slickers," whose excursions into the New Territories are primarily for recreational purposes—getting away from it all. Even the inhabitants of the New Territories divide themselves into at least two distinct groups, sharing no common interests—the boat people and the land dwellers. To some extent these two groups also suffer from language difficulties, illustrating how much more difficult it is for those who visit the New Territories from the urban areas of Victoria and Kowloon to effect intimate contacts.

The report makes no plea for any special efforts to bridge the gulf between the remote villages and those who live in the urban areas of the Colony, yet it would appear to be desirable to attempt to do so if there be any feasible method. Whatever language barrier exists is a small one and can be surmounted. Moreover the fact that the rural inhabitants keep themselves pretty well informed on affairs—local and international—provides a ready link between the urban and rural people. It is a link which might be forged by the Kalfongs and the village Elders to the mutual advantage of the communities which they respectively represent.

FRENCH PLAN FOR EASING CHINA TRADE EMBARGO

Paris, Apr. 26.
A French plan for easing Western trade restrictions with China will be given priority at talks due to be held here shortly, usually well-informed sources said today.

The French proposal, said to have strong British backing, is that restrictions on trade with China should be progressively scaled down to the

less severe curbs on trade with the Soviet Union and East European Communist nations.

A review of the China trade embargo, imposed at the time of the Korean war, is due to take place here early next month at a meeting of CHINCOM, the allied co-ordinating committee which administers the em-

Its twin committee, COCOM, is concerned with trade with other Communist nations.

The sources said the French proposal, similar to one which failed to win approval in 1955, was submitted to her allies before the Bermuda meeting between Mr Harold Macmillan, and President Eisenhower in which the question of China trade is under-

stood to have been raised.

According to these sources, the present embargo tended only to increase Peking's dependence on the Soviet Union.

The Korean war was over long ago and it was believed China was anxious to increase her commercial exchanges with the Western nations. —
Reuter.

CYPRUS AS NATO BASE British Offer Reported

London, Apr. 26.
Britain has decided to offer her NATO allies operational facilities in Cyprus, government sources said today.

Britain was expected to discuss the suggestion at the forthcoming NATO Council meeting in Bonn next week.

The move forms part of Britain's plans to turn the island into a "missile base" in the strategic Near and Middle East.

These developments follow the on-the-spot consultations earlier this week between the Defence Minister, Mr Duncan Sandys, and the Cyprus Governor, Sir John Harding.

They stem moreover from a change in British defence think-

ing which intends to turn the island into a base for deterrent force, backed by nuclear power, missiles and rockets instead of large ground forces.

These moves reflected simultaneously the government's continued determination to maintain the island—irrespective of the outcome of any political settlement—as a military bastion in the vital strategic Mediterranean.

Britain is officially pointing to the past when her deterrent force on the island is to play in the future within the defence framework of NATO, the Baghdad alliance and other responsibilities in the Near and Middle East.

The British emphasis on the strategic importance of the island would be considerably enhanced if NATO were formally to take advantage of the operational facilities of the base.

HOPES DIMMED
Meanwhile, the prospects of an early political settlement of the Cyprus conflict appeared once more dimmed.

Britain's projected offer to NATO clashed sharply with a warning from Cypriot Nationalist leader Archbishop Makarios that such a course would have "disastrous consequences."

Greece, a member of NATO, also continues to oppose a NATO solution for the island.

Moreover, the acute sharpening of tension between Turkey and Greece over Cyprus in the past few days has added to the complications of the explosive issue.

In the light of these discouraging signs Britain has warned officially that partition of the island may become necessary. —United Press.

BERSERK MAN SLAYS 3 CHILDREN

New Delhi, Apr. 26.
A berserk Indian mill worker killed three children and injured five grownups with his sickle, a local newspaper reported today.

The incident occurred in the town of Kanpur, in Uttar Pradesh state.

The man was reported to have been over-powered later and was sent to hospital. —United Press.

RELIEF SHIPS FOR THE MED.

Norfolk, Va., Apr. 26.
Five Atlantic Fleet amphibious force ships carrying a battalion of United States marines will sail on Monday for the Mediterranean, a US naval spokesman said today.

He said the deployment was a routine move to relieve ships now in the Mediterranean. Two attack transports, an attack cargo ship, a high speed transport and a dock-landing ship will leave here and pick up the First Battalion, Second Marines at Morehead City, North Carolina.

A tank-landing ship, Windham County, will also leave for the Mediterranean on Wednesday, and the command ship Taconic will sail about May 20, the spokesman said.

Under a similar situation during the Suez Canal crisis last autumn, the Navy kept marines in the Mediterranean when its relieving force got there, thus having two Marine battalions in the area.

Ships leaving on Monday include the attack transport Monrovia and Rockbridge, the attack cargo ship Capricornus, the high-speed transport Carpelloni and the dock-landing ship Shadwell.

The tank-landing ship Windham County will relieve the Traverse County. —Reuter.

NEWSMAN DETAINED

Berne, Apr. 26.
A Swiss examining magistrate today ordered an American news agency correspondent to be detained for 24 hours for refusing to disclose the source of information he sent to his agency.

The correspondent was Michael Goldsmith of the Associated Press.

He was questioned by the magistrate investigating the spy case which led to the suicide of the Swiss Public Prosecutor, Rene Dubois, last month.

Goldsmith declined to say where he obtained information on the case which he forwarded to his agency.

DECISION DEPLORED
The International Press Institute in Zurich issued a statement "deeply deploring" the magistrate's decision.

The statement said it was essential for the freedom of news that correspondents, news agencies and newspapers could relate facts without fear of reprisals and without being constrained to disclose their sources.

It is said that news despatch whose source Goldsmith had refused to disclose had stated that an inquiry into the Dubois spy case was underway. —France-Press.

Norway's Four Regulations To Govern N-Tests

Oslo, Apr. 26.

Norway tonight asked the United Nations to approve a detailed set of regulations to govern nuclear weapons tests.

The Norwegian Government sent its plan to the UN Disarmament Commission and asked that it be submitted to the next session of the General Assembly.

Norway, Japan and Canada have already asked that nuclear tests be recorded in advance with the United Nations and that such tests take place on the territory of the countries holding them.

The new Norwegian plan includes the following points.

SIX MONTHS' NOTICE

1. Any government which plans to carry out tests which could cause radioactive fallout outside its own territory must inform the UN Secretary-General at least six months in advance.

2. Precise and detailed information on the test should be submitted to the Secretary-General at least three months before it is carried out.

3. The Secretary-General would forward this information to all United Nations member countries.

4. The Secretary-General would remain in contact with scientific personnel in order to check on radioactivity in the atmosphere and the stratosphere and on the areas affected by radioactive fallout.

The memorandum described the plans as realistic and politically realisable. —France-Press.

CANAL PLAN IS FINE SAYS SOBOLEV

United Nations, Apr. 26.

The Soviet delegate, Mr Arkady Sobolev, told the Security Council in its afternoon session today that the Egyptian memorandum on the Suez Canal was satisfactory on all points.

The Soviet delegate said that confidence could be placed in Egypt concerning the functioning of the canal.

Referring to the Jordan crisis, Mr Sobolev accused certain governments of trying to subjugate the peoples of the Middle East. He alluded to the movements of the American 6th Fleet and to the "Dulles doctrine."

Mr Sobolev said that the American policy was poisoning the atmosphere in the Middle East and causing the tension in that region. Mr Sobolev remarked that the Middle East tension comprised the danger of war.

In Keeping

Mr Sobolev said the Egyptian memorandum was in keeping with the Egyptian position. He said the Egyptian plan was completely in keeping with the Constantinople Convention, the United Nations Charter and the six principles adopted by the Security Council.

The Soviet delegate said the Egyptian memorandum took into account the interests of the canal users, provided a reasonable system for tolls, envisaged an arbitration procedure and possible recourse to the International Court, and provided for the establishment of an independent and modernised fund.

Mr Sobolev said Mr Sobolev had shown that she was perfectly capable of running the canal. —France-Press.

Trojan Horse Escape By Two Soldiers

Eisenstadt, Austria, Apr. 26.

Two Hungarian army corporals used each other in a Trojan horse trick to escape to Austria despite being under heavy secret police guard, Austrian police said today.

It happened while a Hungarian engineer unit was engaged yesterday re-establishing a barbed wire fence along the Austro-Hungarian border near Eberau, south-east of Vienna.

Seven Walrus Hunters Lost

Copenhagen, Apr. 26.

Seven walrus hunters have perished off the west coast of Greenland, reports reaching here stated today.

Originally eight ships, carrying walrus hunters, had been reported missing. Five eventually reached port while the crew of a sixth, which sank, was saved.

After prolonged search, in which an American military aircraft took part, hope of finding the other two ships with seven hunters aboard, has been given up. —France-Press.

All's Well For Tourists

Rome, Apr. 26.

Travellers who obtained visas for Jordan from the Jordan Embassy here today were handed a printed notice headed: "Jordan—the land of peace."

The notice said: "It gives us much pleasure to reassure all concerned that the general situation in Jordan is one of peace and stability."

"Jordan authorities had announced their decision to accord all possible facilities to the entry of tourists into Jordan." —Reuter.

Cairo 'Quakes

Cairo, Apr. 26.

Eight earthquakes have been registered in Cairo in the last two days.

Religious observatory reported one Wednesday night, six yesterday and one today.

Only the first two were severe enough to be felt appreciably, and the epicentre of all the quakes was the same place. —United Press.

KUATLY'S JUNKET

London, Apr. 26.

President Shukri al Kuatly of Syria and his party arrived today at Jeddah airport in Saudi Arabia, Mecca radio reported. Prince Faisal, heir to the Saudi throne, Sheikh Yafsen, and the Minister of State, welcomed them at the airport. —Reuter.

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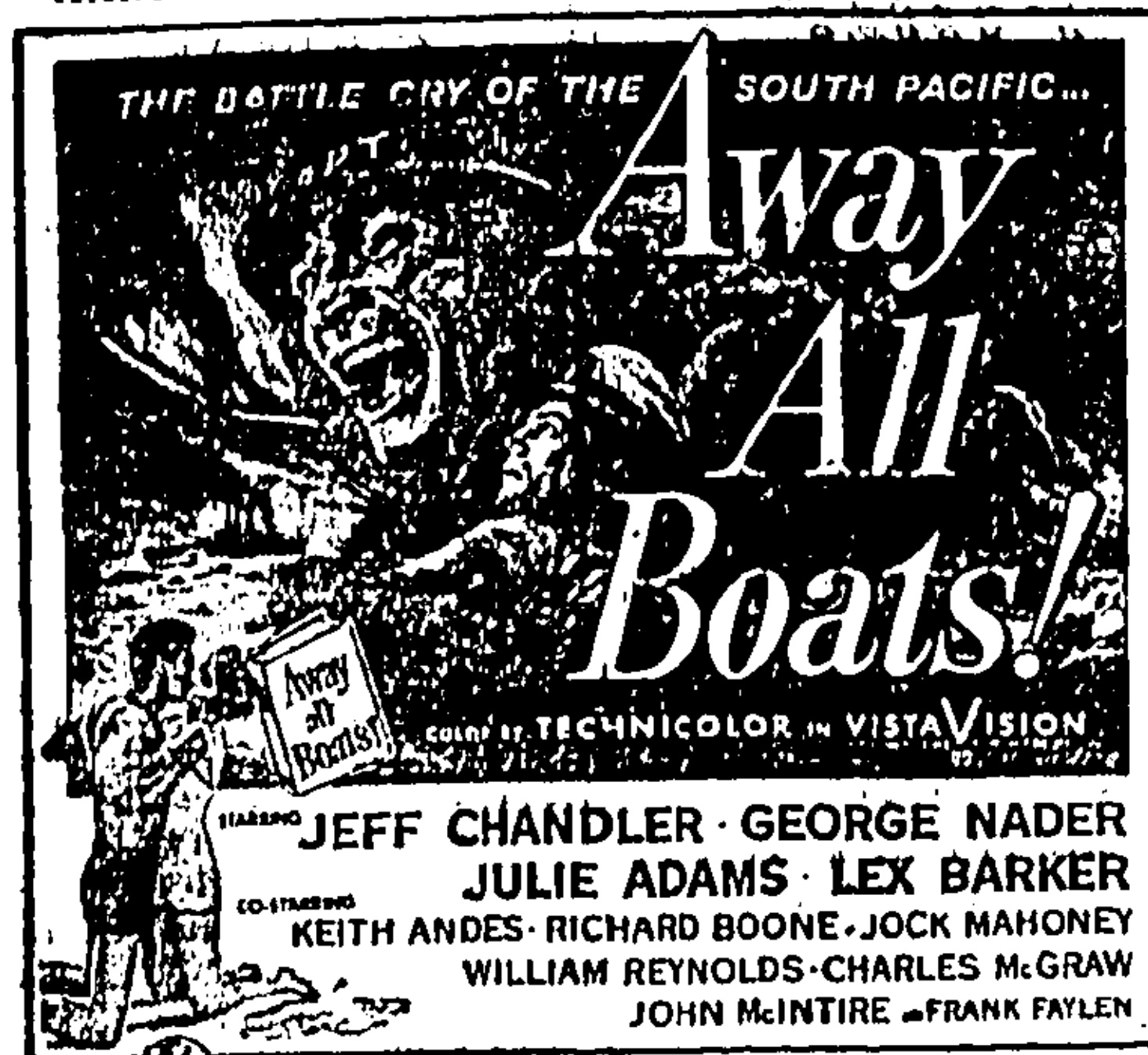
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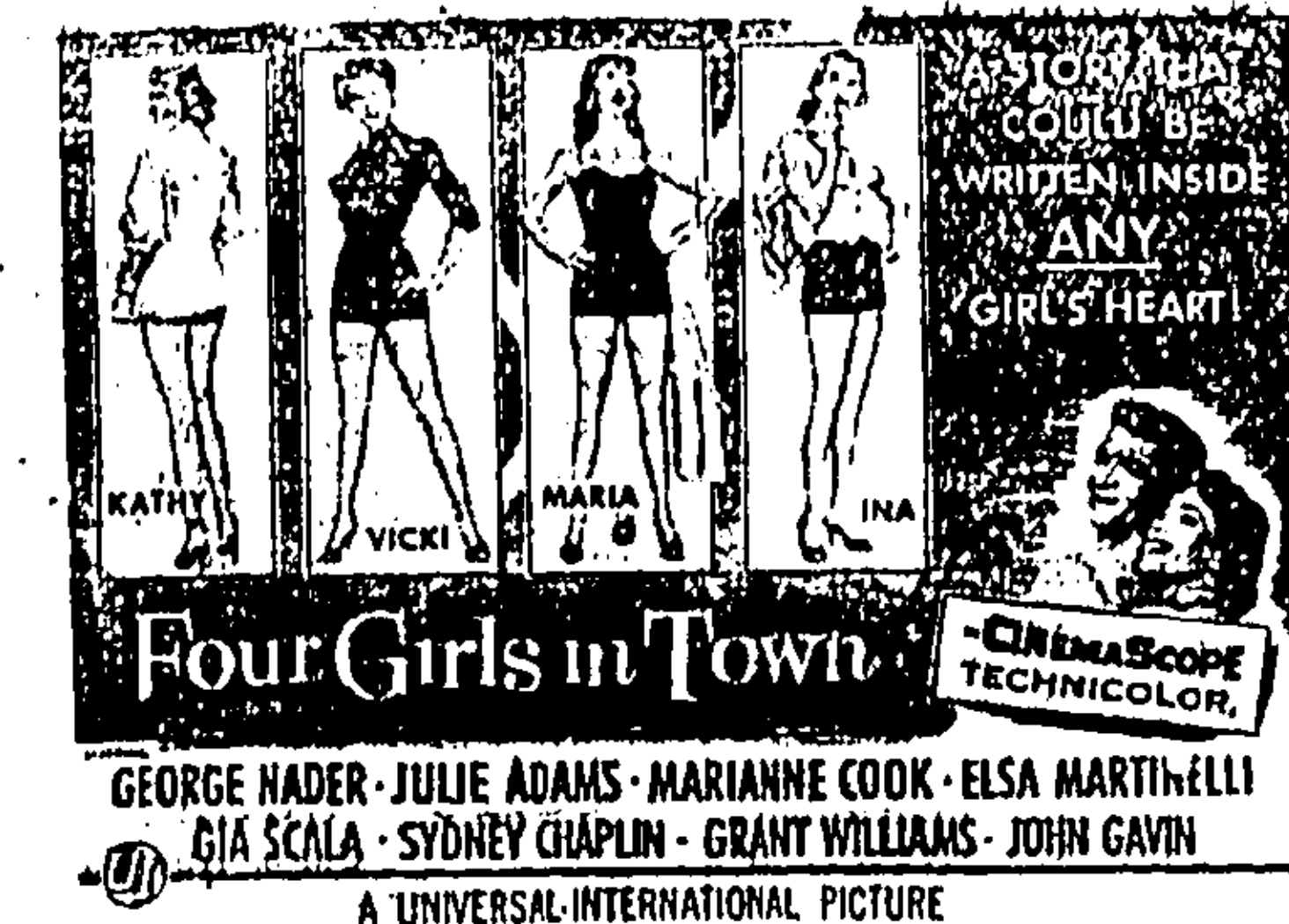
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EXTRA PERFORMANCE AT 12.20 P.M.



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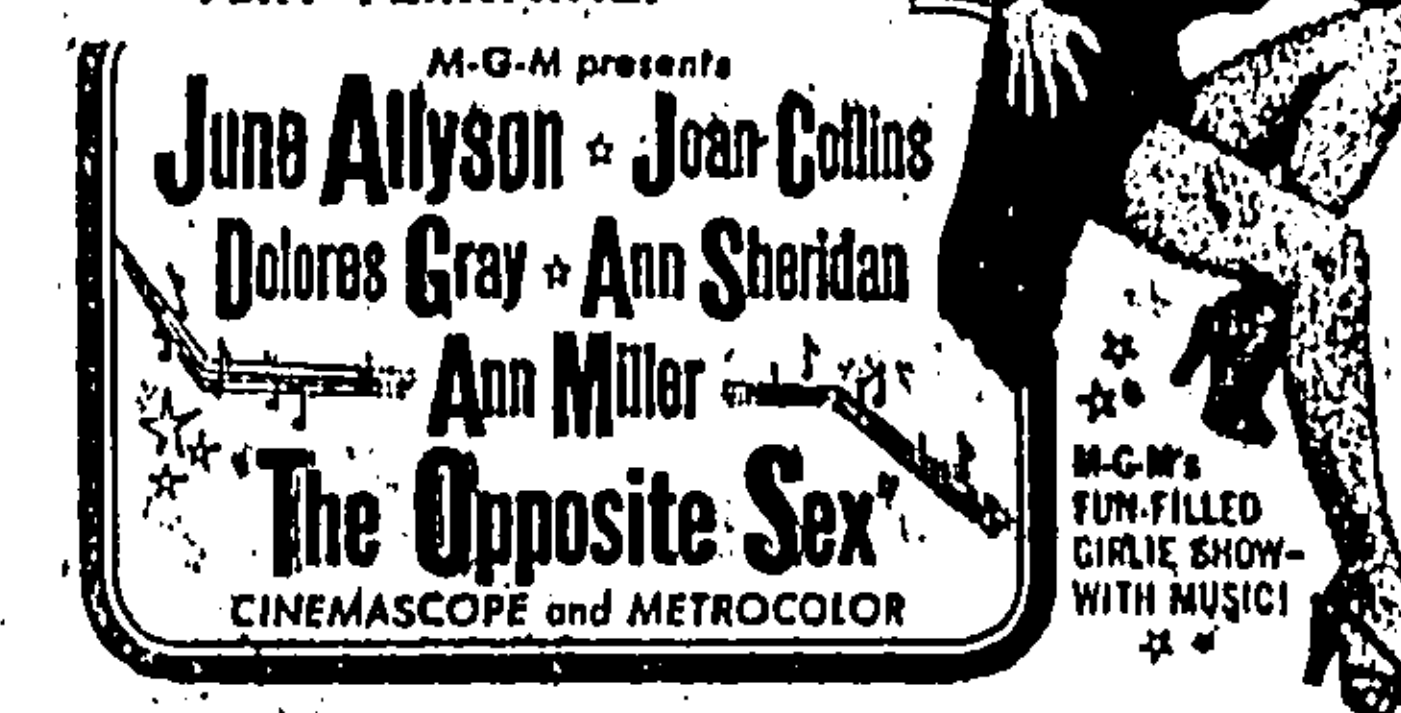
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FILMS

Glant:

In spite of the accusations that this picture is too long and that the first half is exciting, while the second is tedious, it continues to bring in audiences to the Queen's and Alhambra.

Contrary to my expectations, it is not by any means James Dean who northwesterly steals the hearts from the other male actors.

Rock Hudson, for one, gives a performance that I would never have expected from him. He is the wealthy in what might be called a country squire fashion socialite and owner of an enormous cattle ranch in Texas. He is called upon to be race rival, egotistical and fond of pretty women in the best traditions of lady novelists' ideas of the southern states of America.

This he carries out very well and it is easy to see why a pretty girl like Elizabeth Taylor should fall for his whirlwind courtship when he goes north to buy a horse, and why he should return south with both horse and wife.

Elizabeth Taylor is as spirited as the horse, however, and it brings out all his juvenile desire to dominate. It was here that Hudson surprised me. He's always been the lazy, easy going, almost lackey-ish lover, and his sulky, churlish, yet still charming handling of his role came as a refreshing change.

He aged too with conviction— which I regret to say Elizabeth Taylor and James Dean failed to do—and as his three children grew up and he became the slightly pompous father, his mannerisms underwent sufficient change to indicate the passage into middle age of a man of limited intelligence but basic commonsense.

Poor Copy

Of the performance of Elizabeth Taylor there is little to say except that she looks attractive, has a winning smile and has obviously tried to model herself on Vivien Leigh in "Gone With The Wind". It's a poor copy, however, lovely Elizabeth Taylor may look, and all she succeeds in doing most of the time is being condescending with the Mexican peasants for whom she is supposed to be genuinely sorry, snappy with the husband who requires her understanding more than her advice and rude to many people the dialogue seemed to indicate should have treated with respect.

The third star, James Dean would have been worthy of the highest praise had his interpretation of the ambitious hired hand not been a copy of the rebellious young men he played in "East of Eden" and "Rebel Without A Cause". His mumbles, his nervous laughs, his sly air of triumph when he has won a point— even his stammering, excited surge into the oil as his first well begins to gush—we've met them all before.

Had the character of Jett Rink in "Glant" been the uncertain, misunderstood boy of the two earlier pictures, the same treatment might have been justified.

Jett Rink is no juvenile misfit, however, except that he works as a hired man on Rock Hudson's ranch when he is resentful of the other man's money. When he is left a small

New Films

At A Glance

SHOWING

HOOVER AND LIBERTY: "The Opposite Sex": For men about women, June Allyson, Joan Collins, Ann Sheridan, Ann Miller, Dolores Gray, KING'S and PRINCESS: "Away All Boats": Action in the South Pacific during World War II. Jeff Chandler, George Nader, Lex Barker, Julie Adams, METROPOLE and STAR: "Four Girls in Town": Four girls trying out their talents in Hollywood. George Nader, Julie Adams, Elsa Martinelli, Sidney Chaplin, QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Giant": Edna Ferber's mammoth story about the oil barons of Texas and the cattle ranchers who oppose them. Elizabeth Taylor, James Dean, Rock Hudson.

ROXY and BROADWAY: "Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison": A nun and a Marine marooned on a desert island find that they have something in common. Deborah Kerr, Robert Mitchum.

COMING

KING'S and PRINCESS: "The First Traveling Saleslady": Ginger Rogers and Carol Channing mix laughs with sales talk as they wander through the West selling cosmetics and barbiturates. With Barry Nelson and David Brian, METROPOLE and STAR: "Attack": Rough, brutal, but a war story with a difference. Jack Palance, Eddie Albert, Lee Marvin, Robert Strauss, Buddy Ebsen, QUEEN'S and ALHAMBRA: "Guns of Fort Petticoat": A Audie Murphy, ROXY and BROADWAY: "She Devil": Melodrama. Mari Blanchard, Albert Dekker, Jack Kelly.

plot of land he works solidly to make it pay and there is all the time a driving ambition in him very different from the other two young men he played.

It is not possible to forecast where James Dean might have ended had he lived. Probably he would have outgrown, or been persuaded into dropping, the style he had begun to affect, in which case he might have become the accomplished actor most of the hysterical columnists gave him advance credit for being.

But "Glant", although an entertaining picture, even if it does go on too long and be tedious in places, would hardly have been a milestone in the career of James Dean had he lived to improve on his performance in it.

Happy Picture

Four Girls in Town: This is a happy, cheerful picture about four girls of varying temperaments

whose goal is a Hollywood career.

It would probably have been difficult for the director to have made four girls of the same nationality show such markedly different characteristics as do these girls, so the studio producing the picture must have looked down their lists for three of their foreign contract artists.

Elsa Martinelli from Italy was naturally the first choice, due to her success with Kirk Douglas in "The Indian Fighter". She hadn't a great deal to do in that picture except float down the river with him at the end of it looking as though the amount she was wearing would get her a potent dose of Hongkong influenza. But it was provoking enough to have made a name for her.

The American girl was the studio's own Julie Adams, who's to be seen on the screen also this week-end in "Away All Boats".

The third contender for the Hollywood role—one of these that are publicised as being the result of a "World Wide Search For The Right Girl" is French Gia Scala. This newcomer to the screen has a pretty face and in the picture is teamed with Sidney Chaplin.

Marianne Cook from Germany is the fourth member of the gang of young hopefuls and George Nader is the talented, but undiscovered young director who is given the job of training them for the screen.

The viceroy has occurred because of the temperamental exit of the star of a picture and there are some interesting, and if they were meant that way, cleverly satirical sidelights on the machinations employed to get parts in films.

The ending is unexpected, but needless to say, all ends happily for the four little maidens not from acting school.

Taskmaster

Away All Boats:

We're getting somewhat familiar with the ship's captain who is a stickler for discipline, spurs nobody, is disliked by all yet respected for the fact that he is his own hardest taskmaster.

Jeff Chandler is the latest martinet in this field and World War II, the Pacific, is the region in which his ship operates.

There are the usual collection of stock characters; a merchant marine captain with years more experience with Chandler's particular type of ship than he himself has—this part is taken by George Nader—a Naval Reservist who has been taken from his comfortable desk job ashore and who resents the consequent stoppage of his social life—Lex Barker has this role—and assorted lieutenants, ensigns and seamen who provide comic relief.

Julie Adams is the woman in the east in the rather thankless role of the wife of George Nader. Her main task seems to be to wave him goodbye and welcome him home.

Having said my piece about the prevalence of this type of film and the conventional nature of the story, let me make amends by saying that of all action picture westerns, gangster films, thrillers, etc., this is the type I prefer, and this one

is particularly well done. It doesn't set out to be an Oscar winner for the stars, director or writer of the screenplay (which incidentally was adapted from a best seller by a Kenneth M. Hudson) but it is a sound, reliable picture about an American attack transport ship, the men who sailed in her, and the action she and they went through.

Amusing

The Opposite Sex:

This picture was due to have preceded "The Wings of Eagles" at the Hoover and Liberty cinemas, but as so often happens, due to no fault of the management or distributors, the two were transposed.

A review of "The Opposite Sex" has already appeared in this column but for those who missed it, here, briefly is what happens.

Nice Little Wife, June Allyson, having been happily married to her husband for a number of years, is gleefully informed by a friend that said husband is carrying on with one of his showgirls (he is in the happy position of having showgirls with which to carry on as he is a Broadway producer). Not stopping to think that possibly she might be a little bit blame for having taken the view that after the wedding is over husbands and wives live happily ever after without the necessity for a little boost from either partner once in a while, Nice Little Wife decides sadly and sentimentally that a divorce is the only way out and off she goes to Reno.

Complications arise when the other woman is shown in her true colours, by which time it is a little late for the still sweet June Allyson to back out of Reno.

If you saw "The Women" some years ago, the ending will be familiar. If not, then treat this as the new film it undoubtedly is. In the earlier picture there were no men shown, the wisecracks were thicker and faster and the plot less cloying, but the new one still has some amusing situations to recommend it and Joan Collins, Ann Sheridan, Ann Miller and Dolores Gray lift it out of the sickliness with which June Allyson usually manages to invest a film.

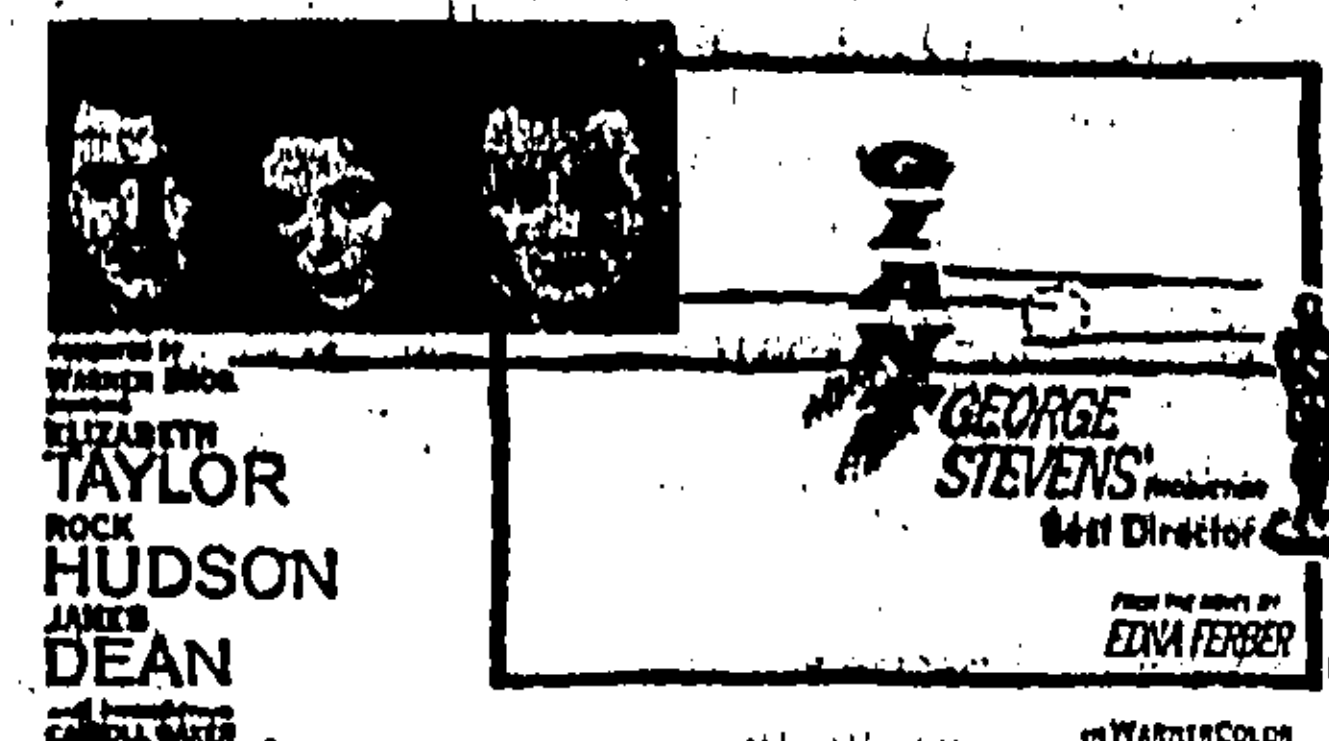
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THEY CREATED AN INHUMAN BEING
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"SHE DEVIL"
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Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

DO-IT-YOURSELF BULLFIGHTS

Once Upon A Time I Had A Car...

Wuerzburg. Sgt Eldon Bestwick carries his car in his hand these days.

He called last week at a German garage to pick up the vehicle he left there last autumn for repairs after a traffic accident.

The proprietor solemnly presented him with — two licence plates, a tail-light, and a set of keys.

Bestwick, army police and insurance company officials are still trying to find out what happened to the part between the licence plates.

The American soldier, who is stationed here with the 10th Infantry Division, figures the garage owner thought he had returned to the US and cut up the car for scrap.—United Press.

No Homework But There's A Catch

Verdun. Students at two Verdun elementary schools have been released from the unpopular chore of doing homework—but there's a catch.

The Verdun Catholic School Commission says that partly because "the dining room table went out long ago," it has started an experiment under which some 900 students at the two schools are no longer required to take their books home.

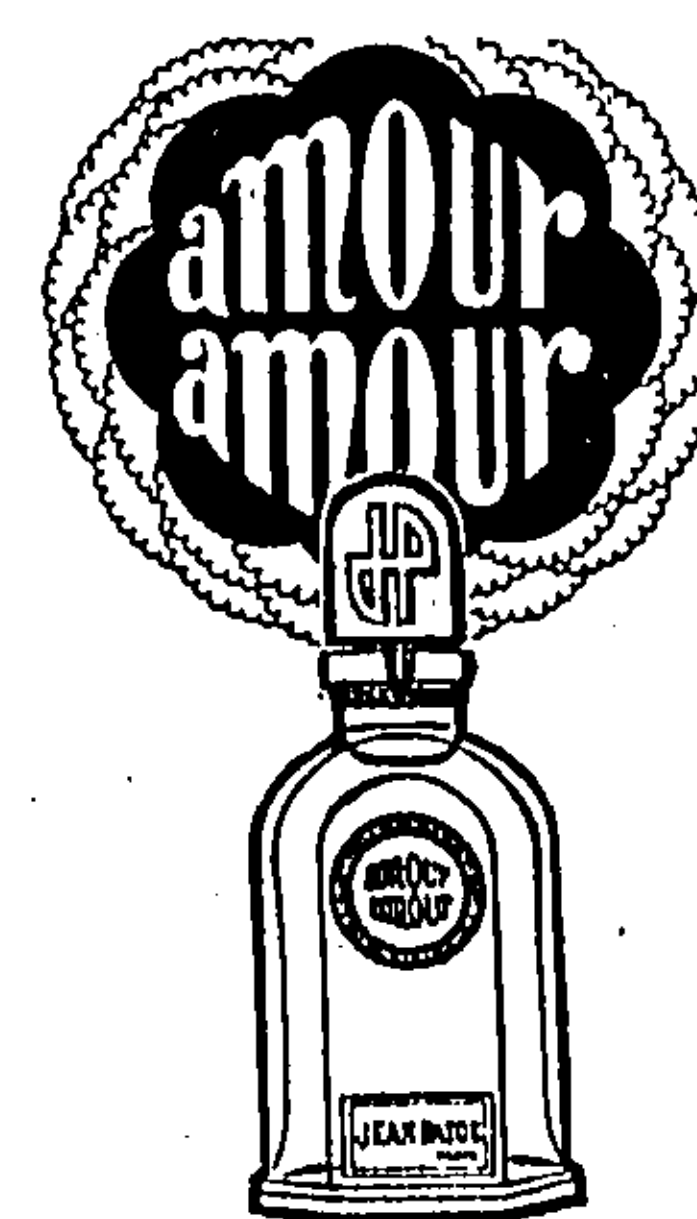
Instead, they spend an extra half hour at school in a special study period supervised by teachers.

The plan applies only to English-speaking students, and their French-speaking counterparts still are saddled with the burden of lessons at home after regular classes.

Commission secretary-treasurer Paul Roy explained that authorities feel that children in most homes these days do not have the proper facilities for studying.

"The dining room table went out long ago, and if there still is one, other children in the family are using it," he said. "Under the new plan, younger children will get in some study time."

The experiment is to be continued until the end of the school year in June, when it will be decided whether to continue it or go back to the old system.—United Press.



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Amateur Matadors Spend Weekends Biting The Dust

By DOC QUIGG

Lisbon.

In this delightful country, where the law requires you to take an hour and a half for lunch and to shut up shop and office for the day at 6 p.m., they have what an American would call "do-it-yourself-bull-fights."

This is a sport unique to Portugal, for the man who doesn't have anything special to do on Sunday afternoon and who doesn't really care whether he comes back home to his wife—now or never.

Determined to witness the bull-hand-elimination scheme at work a group of touring American newspapermen went on a two-hour drive through the out-breeding country, out side Lisbon to the village of Salvaterra. There, at the restaurant Ipatogano, you can watch amateurs who come to dinner and stayed to have bull.

The bulls go with the meat and the music and the dancing. They're shown in the ring along with the music and the dancing. Dancers who wear gaudy uniforms and long green stockings cap with red tips.

Anybody can have a go at dancing a cape in front of the fighting bulls, which come in sizes small enough to reduce the horsepower rating down to where they could do battle to head battle with a steam shovel. There was much talk among the journalists before hand about getting in the ring with one.

Target Run

One sight of a rather small one—under 1,000 pounds—taking aim and making a target run on a Portuguese amateur in a checked sports cap and a guy like jacket was enough to bring about an editorial change of judgment.

The amateur, though seeming quite graceful and shrewd, was spilled once at another time, fell down himself and came within inches of being gored.

In the real, professional bullfights in Portugal, the law prohibits killing the bull. When the proprietor of the restaurant-and-ring asked the gawking tourists if anyone would like to step up and try his luck, a reporter quoted the law and said: "Please ask the

bull if he would extend the same courtesy to the tourist." Actually, they get the bull pretty tired before the amateur gets into the ring, goading him into futile charges by jumping from behind barricades and waving hats at him. Then the amateur matador gets him more tired still. Finally he is ready for the real sport, a sort of bull-wrestling in which a man meets him head on, seizing the horns and taking the bulls' lunge in the pit of the stomach.

The sport is called "Pega" in Portugal. The bull-dogger we saw was another amateur, named Marques, a broad-shouldered son of one of the restaurant proprietors. For a while it was hard to tell which was being dogged, the man or the bull.

Marques and a couple of heavy-lads closed in and grappled with the bull on eyes. Finally Marques pulled the head forward and down on top of him as he went down backward on his back, and the bull with much tugging was flip-flopped over the supine man's head, landing on its back in a sort of flying mare act out of wrestling.

Noonday Meal

It recovered quickly. So did the men. They ran for cover. Family groups drop into the restaurant on a Sunday afternoon for a noonday meal, which is nothing short of huge. It consists of six courses, each with appropriate side dishes—soup, fish, steak and eggs, chicken, rice dessert, and sugar smothered oranges. The guests probably are forced to turn to amateur bull fighting to settle their stomachs.—United Press.



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THE CAT THAT LEADS A DOG'S LIFE



London. HUGO is a cat, a half-Siamese, half-marmalade golden-haired cat—but he leads a dog's life.

Charles, his owner's dog, treats Hugo just like a dog. He won't let him do a thing for himself at his Wilton-mews, Westminster, home.

Hugo lost his catty independence the day

Charles decided to wash him. No one ever sees Hugo contentedly licking his fur in front of a fire. Charles keeps it silky and shining.

No one sees him silently stalking the roof tops, either.

Of course, Hugo is sometimes lonely, for at week-ends Hugo is left

in London when Mr and Mrs Stanley Mason take Charles to Buckinghamshire.

"It wouldn't be fair to move Hugo from place to place, although he so much enjoys playing with Charles. And Charles needs the exercise he gets in the country—he's such a big dog."

Typical Housewife Throws Teacher

Birmingham.

A "typical housewife" of television was fined £2 for attacking a teacher who gave her child a bad mark.

A court found that Mrs Mary Evans, who had appeared as a typical housewife on a television show last year, visited school teacher Jean Lucas' classroom, hit her with a shopping basket, pulled her hair and knocked her across a desk for censuring 12-year-old daughter Maxine.

Mrs Evans admitted to the court that she lost her temper.—United Press.

ARISTOCRAT GROWS TOMATOES ON A TEN-FOOT TREE

By ELVEZIO BIANCHI

Rome.

A southern Italian aristocrat whose hobby is crossing plants, has started growing tomatoes on trees instead of bushes.

Baron Genaro de Gemmis has in fact grown a ten-foot tomato tree bearing fruits which he claims are better in quality than those produced by the conventional plants.

De Gemmis has submitted to the Italian Ministry of Agriculture a report on his experiment which may touch off a full scale revolution in Italy's prosperous national tomato industry.

GENETICIST LYSENKO

De Gemmis, a typical southern gentleman with an inkling for all scientific branches of culture, says he got the seeds for his tomato tree from a German scientist friend who got them directly from the Russian Geneticist Lysenko.

Lysenko, whose name fell into oblivion after Stalin's death, as the Russian academician who claimed he could produce a perennial type of wheat that needed not to be planted every year but only once.

It looked at first as if the experiment with the tomato tree seeds were heading to failure. The Baron had sown the seeds in his hot-house in the village of Terlizzi, near the heel of the Italian boot.

INDEPENDENT FEATURES

But nothing happened for several weeks. The seeds produced a tiny and anemic green plant which stubbornly refused to grow despite the painstaking attentions of De Gemmis.

Then it suddenly started springing up at a fast pace, reaching the present height of

ANOTHER DRINK?

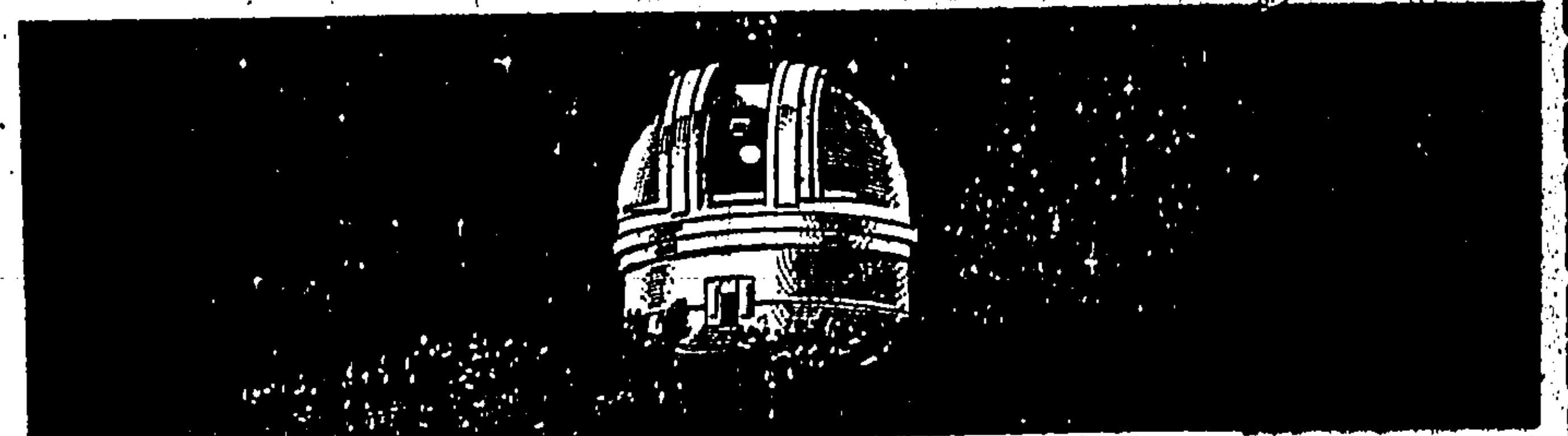
London.

A British teenager learned he has inherited £1,000 from his grandmother—provided he doesn't take a drink for the next three years.

Duncan McGowan, 18, was left the money in the will of his grandmother, Elizabeth, Lady Cory. The condition was that he should not touch a drop of alcoholic liquor until his twenty-first birthday.

Shane Ferguson, another grandson of Lady Cory, widow of a wealthy shipping magnate, was also left £1,000; but the condition did not worry him. He passed 21 a few days after his grandmother's death.—United Press.

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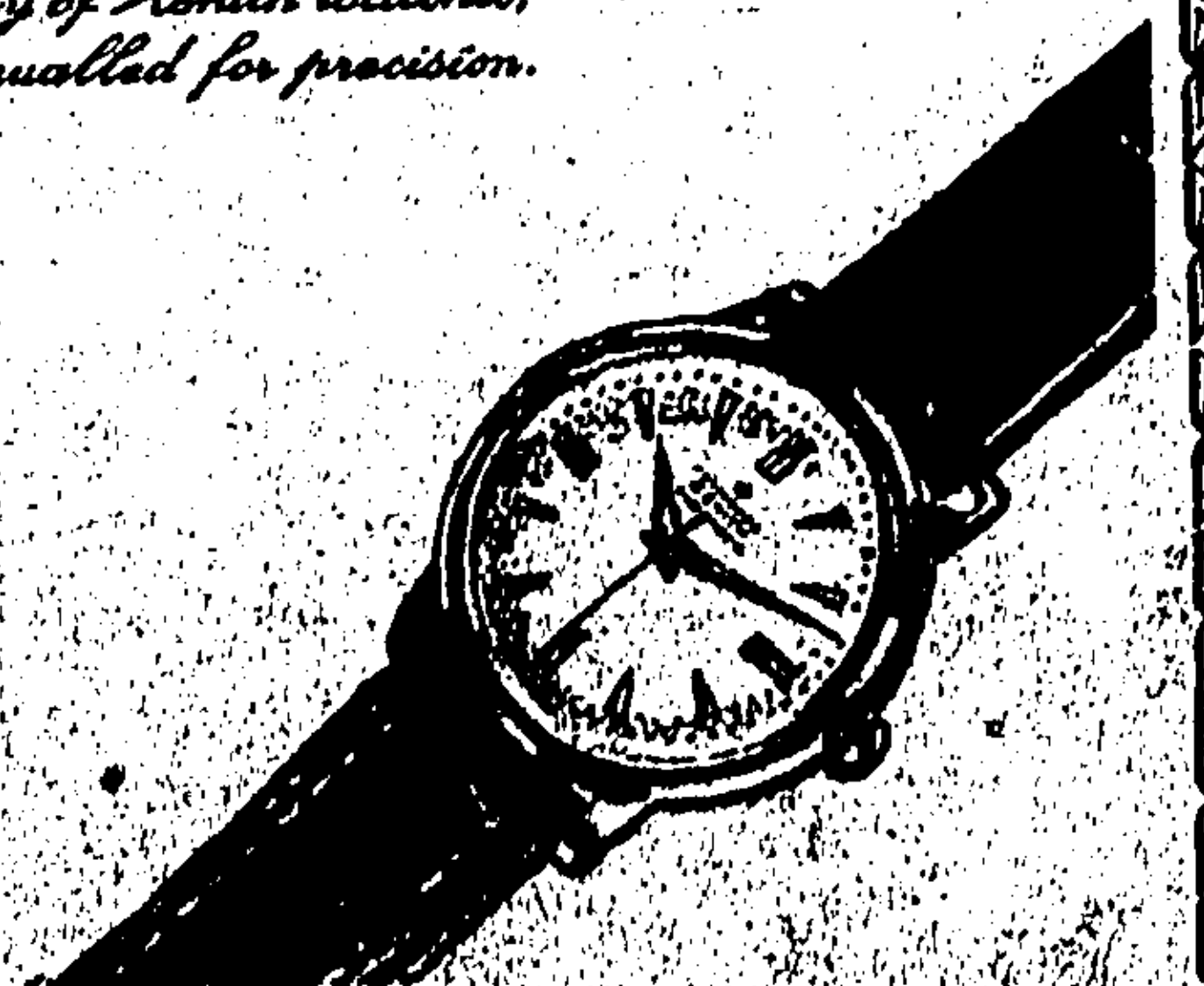
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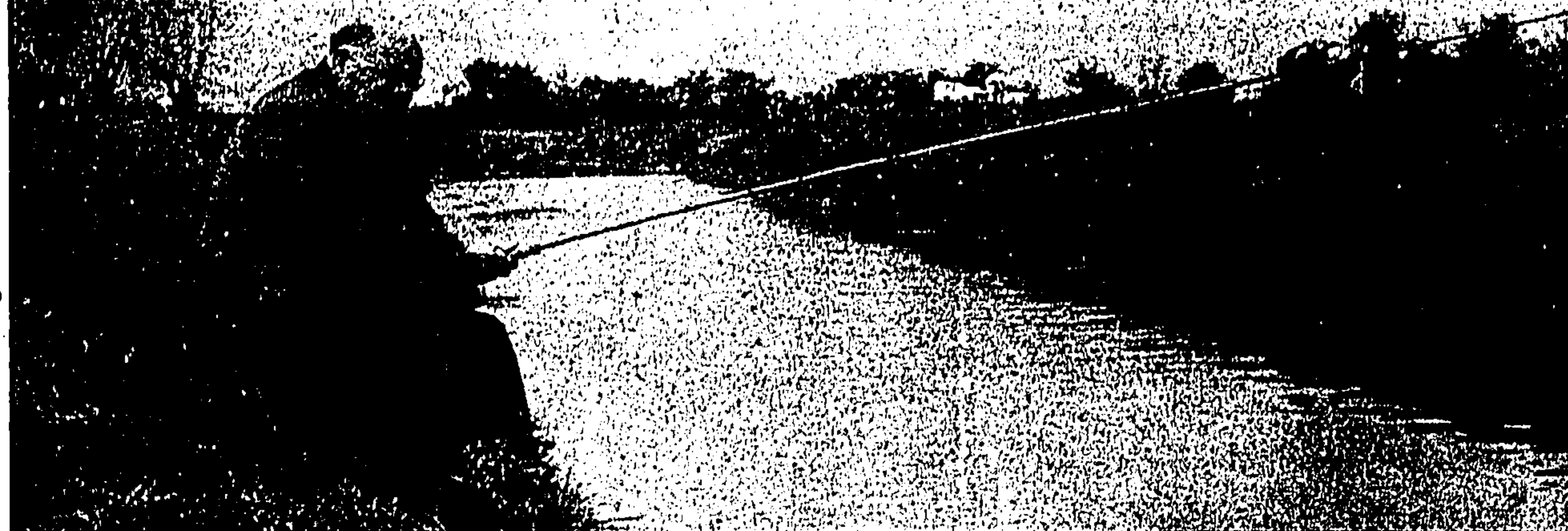


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HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



SPRING IS HERE . . . and almost summer. How like a dream this must have seemed some weeks ago as Dr John Bodkin Adams lay in gaol facing the charge of premeditated murder by drugs. Acquitted, he told the press . . . "What has happened to me started by gossip. It started more than 20 years ago. I remember getting my first anonymous postcard in 1935." Now at last he is free to fish again on a reach of trout stream owned by a friend.

England's troubles this summer do not begin or end with strikes and petrol shortage. Waterloo Station was stormed by West Indians welcoming Alfred Valentine (facing camera, in glasses), the bowler who put the hoodoo on England's batsmen in 1950. They seemed confident of more trouble in store.

Below . . . that shaggy hack in Lt.-Col Harry Llewellyn's hand is probably England's most famous horse—Foxhunter, who retired from show-jumping championships last September to a quiet life in the country. His short-legged friend Yellow Peril is set on wishing him "Happy Birthday." Foxhunter was 17 last Tuesday, (April 23). (Express)



THAT'S FOR DULLES! Golfin's catchin'. Poor Harold's aren't exactly inter-continental like his friend Ike's latest, and they even say they haven't got any heads. But Mr Prime Minister follows Mr President's example now and then, brushing up on his own ballistics at the Old Prestwick course in Scotland.

(Express)



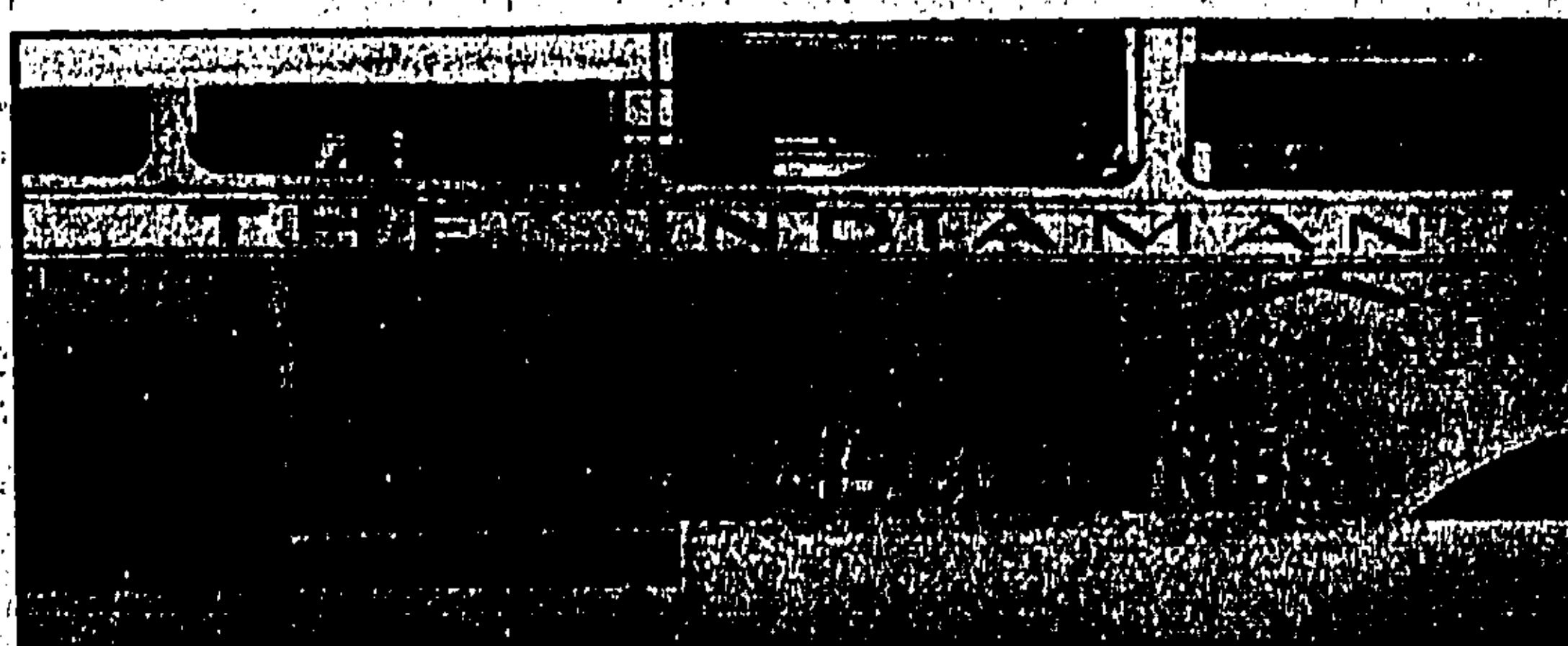
HORSES! Thanks to her parents' enthusiasm there are more horses in Britain earning a better living for themselves today than there have been for years. And one person who thoroughly approves is Princess Anne.

She likes nothing better than holding the bridle of her father's spare mount at Windsor Great Park where she goes with the Queen, Princess Margaret, and Prince Charles, when her daddy joins in the polo practice of the Household Cavalry. (Express)



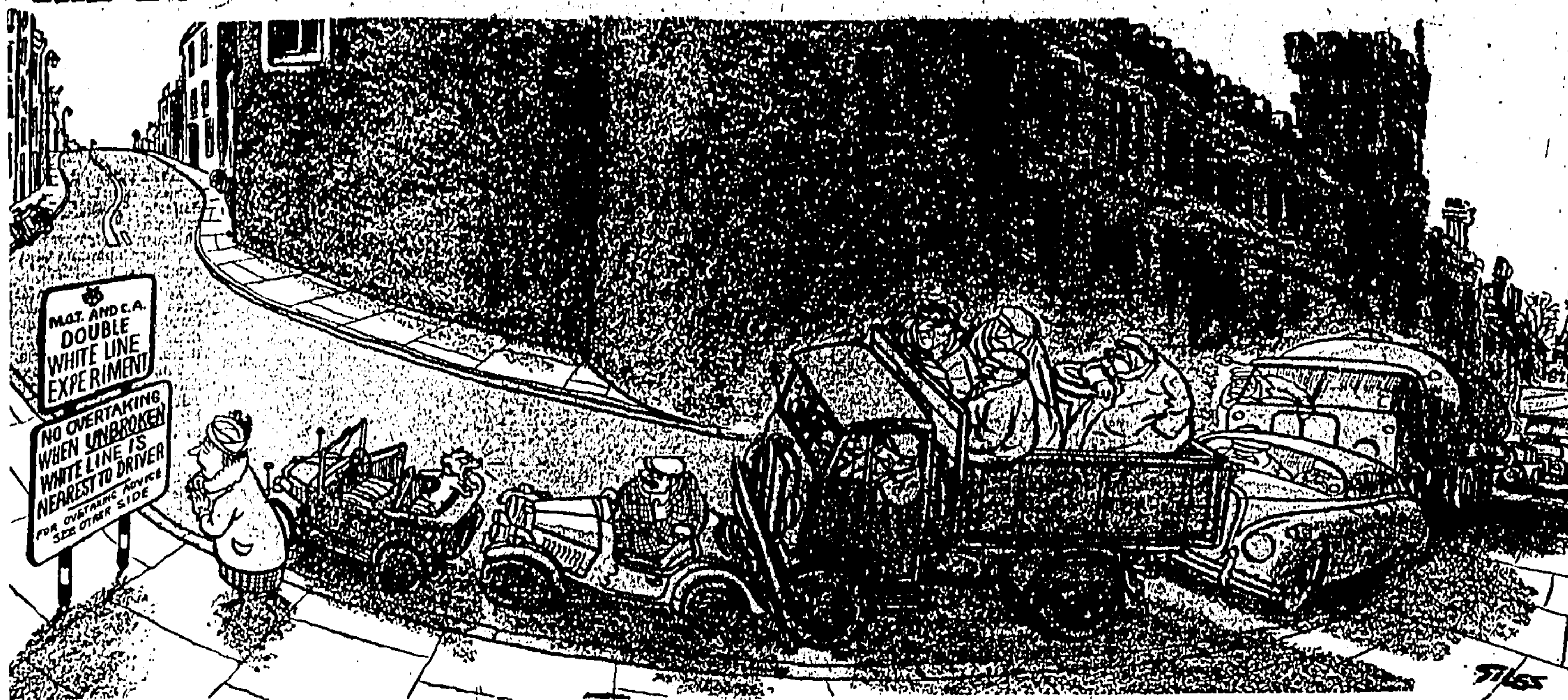
Britain's first jazz fan . . . Princess Margaret at the Royal Festival Hall for a concert by Count Basie. She attended both Basie performances. Afterwards Basie told the audience . . . "No Name Boogie's now H.R.H. Boogie — and I'm announcing that one all over the world."

RIGHT . . . ordinary looking charabanc queue forming up for the longest ever long-distance tour. Twenty passengers have paid £85 each for the five-week trip. Service runs four times a year. You just go along to Victoria Coach Station and queue up. Destination — Calcutta. (Express)



THE DOUBLE WHITE LINE SYSTEM

continued



"Oh dear! I've left my reading glasses at home."

THE office door said, in gilt lettering, *Joseph Rapperley and Associates, Private and Confidential Investigations*. On the day of his death Mr. Joseph Rapperley, a dwarfish man with tiny legs and a large head, paused for a moment to admire the words and then pushed open the door. To the genuine clients who occasionally came to consult Joseph Rapperley and Associates (although these were in fact one and the same, the Associates providing merely a slightly grandiose transatlantic touch), Joe Rapperley would point out the framed covers of a magazine which decorated the wall, and hint darkly at the harsh treatment he had received from those in authority.

It was true that he had come down in the world. Rapperley's Weekly Record had been a news sheet with some five thousand readers, who enjoyed its scandalous, knowing, bit-bits about stage and film personalities, and followed Joe Rapperley's tips on the stock market. It was in connection with these tips that Joe Rapperley had quietly relieved an old gentleman of his life savings by representing to him the virtues of a non-existent South American lead mine and found himself serving a three-year prison sentence for fraud.

Since then Joe Rapperley had made a living in various dishonest ways.

Joe Rapperley hung his hat, opened a drawer of the desk, took his first snort of whisky that day, went to the outer office and said: "What's new, Millie? Has Backup been in touch?"

Backup was a dim little man employed by Joe to keep track of possibly interesting and profitable matters of various curious kinds, as well as for the routine work of divorce.

Milliecent Peel, Joe's secretary, said: "Yes. He rang up with a report about Jerry Wilton. He's gone to Elstree."

BEGINS TODAY

A true-to-life murder mystery which takes you behind the scenes at Elstree while a big film (yet to be released) is being made . . .

JAMES MASON investigates

"You mean to the film studio?" It took a lot to surprise Joe Rapperley, but his astonishment now was genuine.

That's right. It seems he's going as a visitor to the set of a film called *Island in the Sun*, which Twentieth Century-Fox are making down there.

Rapperley perched himself on the desk. "Tell me about it."

"It's from a lovely book by Alice Wright about the colour problem in the West Indies you know. There's this planter family and they turn out to have, you know, some coloured blood."

"The son, that's James Mason, thinks his wife, that's Patricia Owens, has been playing around with an Anglo-Indian Colonel—that's Michael Rennie. Then the planter's daughter, that's Joan Collins, falls in love with the son of the island's Governor, that's Stephen Boyd."

"All right," Rapperley tapped with his fingers on the desk. "Get me John Ware, publicity director of Twentieth Century Fox, will you? I used to know him, in the days when the Record was a power in the land."

Always polite

John Ware heard Rapperley's voice, nasal and self-pitying, with no pleasure at all. But a publicity director is always



I can't work while that man is there... says Mason

polite. "It's a long time since I've heard from you, Rapperley. What are you doing now?"

Rapperley's whine became more pronounced. "John, I'll be frank with you, I've been down on my luck this last couple of years, since I had my bit of trouble, and I've got a chance to pull myself up. I'm working free lance now, and an old chum of mine has said he'll take a piece from me about this film you're shooting at Elstree. Island in the Sun. Can I go down on the set, today, John, just to look around for a couple of hours?"

John Ware's voice was cold. "Some of the scandal you used to invent wasn't calculated to your eye to film companies. I should want to see a draft of anything you did."

"Of course, John," Rapperley's voice was earnest, wheedling. "That's all over. Now I'm just trying to earn a living. You wouldn't stop a man earning a living now, would you?"

As soon as Rapperley was off the line, Ware rang Joy Raymond, who was in charge of publicity on the set. "Joy, you know I'm sending down a party of visitors today."

"Yes. Four of them, isn't that right?"

"Right. Now does the name Joe Rapperley mean anything to you?"

"Rings a bell. Isn't he the man who used..."

"He used to run a scandal sheet called Rapperley's Weekly Record, and he's asked to come down today, spin me a hard luck story. Now, I don't like to push a man deeper in the muck, but some of the stuff he used to write was just poison. Will you take a soundings with Jimmy Mason and Joan Collins and get their reactions? Use your tact. Call me back."

"What's tact dear? All right. I'll do my best."

Joy Raymond put down the telephone, sighed, pushed a pile of papers to one side, patted a few untidy hairs into place, and

went to look for Mr. Mason. She failed to find him on the set, but she did find Joan Collins and Stephen Boyd, waiting while stand-ins released for lighting effects in their love scene.

"Joan and Stephen, there's a journalist named Joe Rapperley who wants to come down on the set today. Any objections?"

Stephen Boyd looked blank. Joan Collins wrinkled her small, elegant nose as if she smelled something distasteful.

"He's a perfectly hateful man. He once wrote a paragraph about me in a little paper he ran. Said I had nothing to offer the world but sex appeal."

"Yes, dear," Joy Raymond looked slightly harassed. "But do you absolutely object to his presence on the set?"

"If nobody else minds I don't want to sound stuffy. Hadn't you better ask Jimmy?"

"I'm on my way now," Joy Raymond peddled off again. She finally found James Mason in his dressing room, correcting the proofs of an anthology about cats. He put it down when she explained her errand, and began to stride up and down the room. As he strode he talked quickly but calmly with only a certain glitter in his eye indicating emotion.

"Nobody, I hope, would accuse me of being unco-operative, Joy, but I remember one or two of the things this man Rapperley wrote about me—and other people too—a few years ago that really disgusted me. For that matter, he's a disgusting little man. Didn't he go to prison?"

"Very likely, John Ware said he spun a hard-luck tale. So what do we tell him?"

Mason stopped pacing, and stared at her. "I can't tell you that. I only know this. If Rapperley came on the set I should know it even though I didn't see him, and I simply couldn't go on



by JULIAN SYMONS

round to the driver and handed him a pound note.

"Ere what's this?" the driver said angrily. "We fixed two quid. You've made an illegal entry, you know that, and if I was to report you—"

"And admit that you brought me in?" the driver sneered. "You'll take one and be thankful. Let it be a lesson to you. Next time get the money in advance."

He scurried quickly away on his short legs and rounded the corner outside Stage One. That was the last time anybody admitted seeing Joe Rapperley alive.

Monday:

A WOMAN SREAMS . . .

Let me think

When John Ware explained to Rapperley that it wouldn't be convenient for him to go down on the set, the little man slammed down the receiver.

"If Jerry Wilton can get down on that film set I can get there, too," Rapperley's large head wagged furiously. "And it must be important. Millie, do you understand that? No, you don't understand anything, that's what I pay you for. Now, just let me think."

It was just after lunch when a props van drove up to the gate at Elstree and was passed through. Once it had got out of sight of the gate a dwarfish figure with heavy body and tiny legs jumped down from the inside, walked

POCKET CARTOON by OSBERT LANCASTER



"Why can't Mummy get an angry young man of her own to be exploited by?"

THIS is the Gin

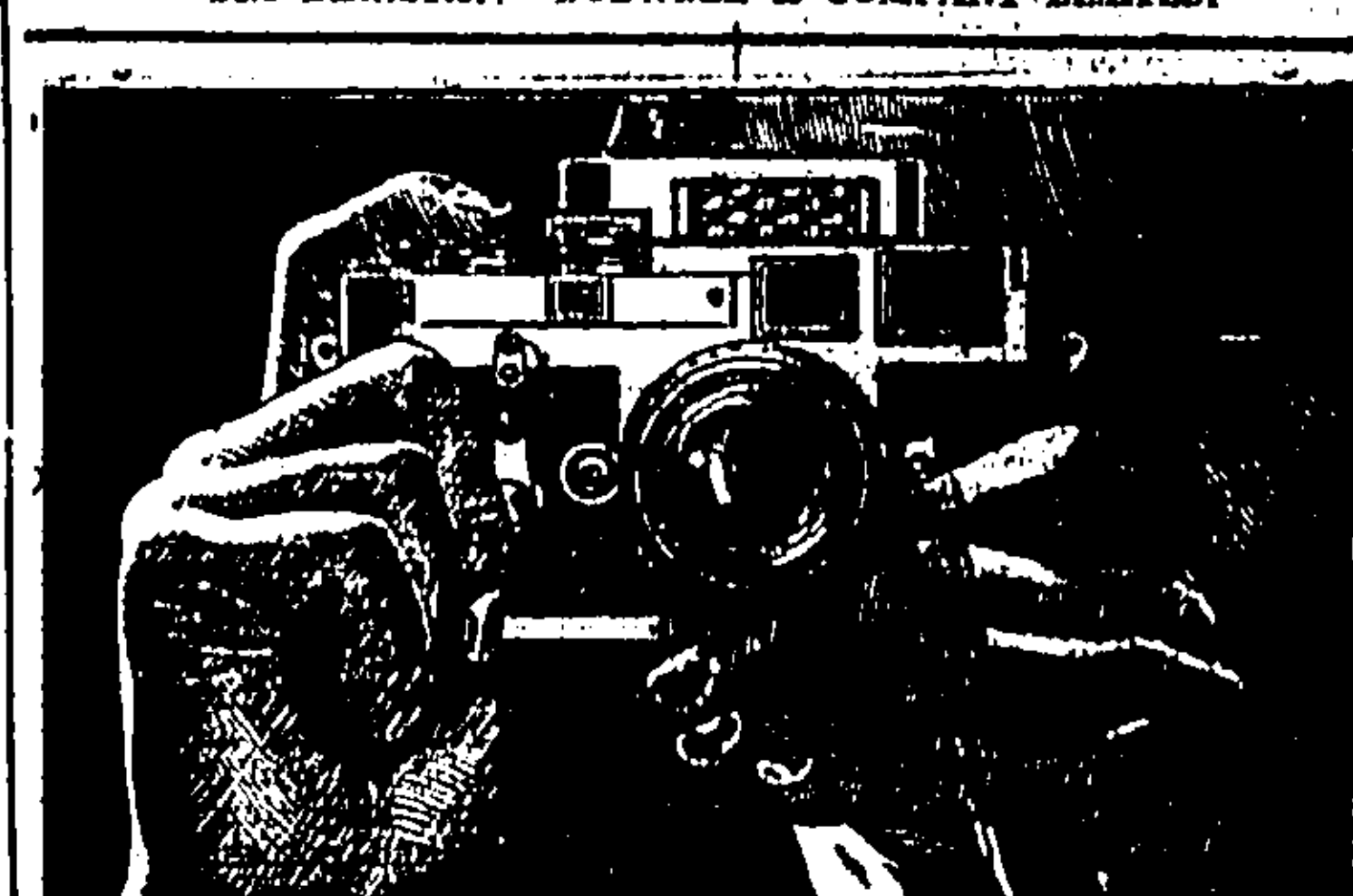


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A TEATIME TREAT

Invasion 1940: The New Facts

(AND INCIDENTALLY, MOST PEOPLE DIDN'T REALLY THINK IT WAS VERY NEAR... AND EVEN IF SO, THE GERMANS WOULD LOSE...)

—but they were wrong

IT was just like a dream. Church bells would herald the landing of the German armies. We would defend our homes with rook-rifles and beer bottles filled with petrol. But, somehow, we felt sure that it would never happen. It could never happen to us.

Yet—how nearly it did happen! How near we were to hearing the grinding of German tank tracks in the High Street. How near we were to seeing Hitler on the balcony of Buckingham Palace.

Just how near we were is told in a new book with the chilling title, "Invasion 1940," by Peter Fleming (Rupert Hart-Davis, 25s.).

We were very near indeed.

The British, who had not been overwhelmed by invaders for nearly 800 years, seemed incapable of understanding that this could happen again. Norway and Denmark, the Low Countries and France might fall but the British maintained, as Colonel Fleming writes, "that sense of privilege, of ultimate immunity, which mitigates the horrors of a nightmare." It could never happen to us.

Perhaps, now, we like to think of ourselves as heroes. Colonel Fleming sees his fellow countrymen differently.

"They were stubborn, angry, and for the most part, brave; but below these qualities, and reinforcing them, resided the innocence, not of the child or even the fool, but of the simpleton. Like bumpkins admitted for the first time to the hall of some great historic mansion, they were awed and impressed." But there remained the inner conviction "that nightmare of invasion would prove, in the end, to be only a bad dream."

by

TOM POCOCK

OUR HOPE

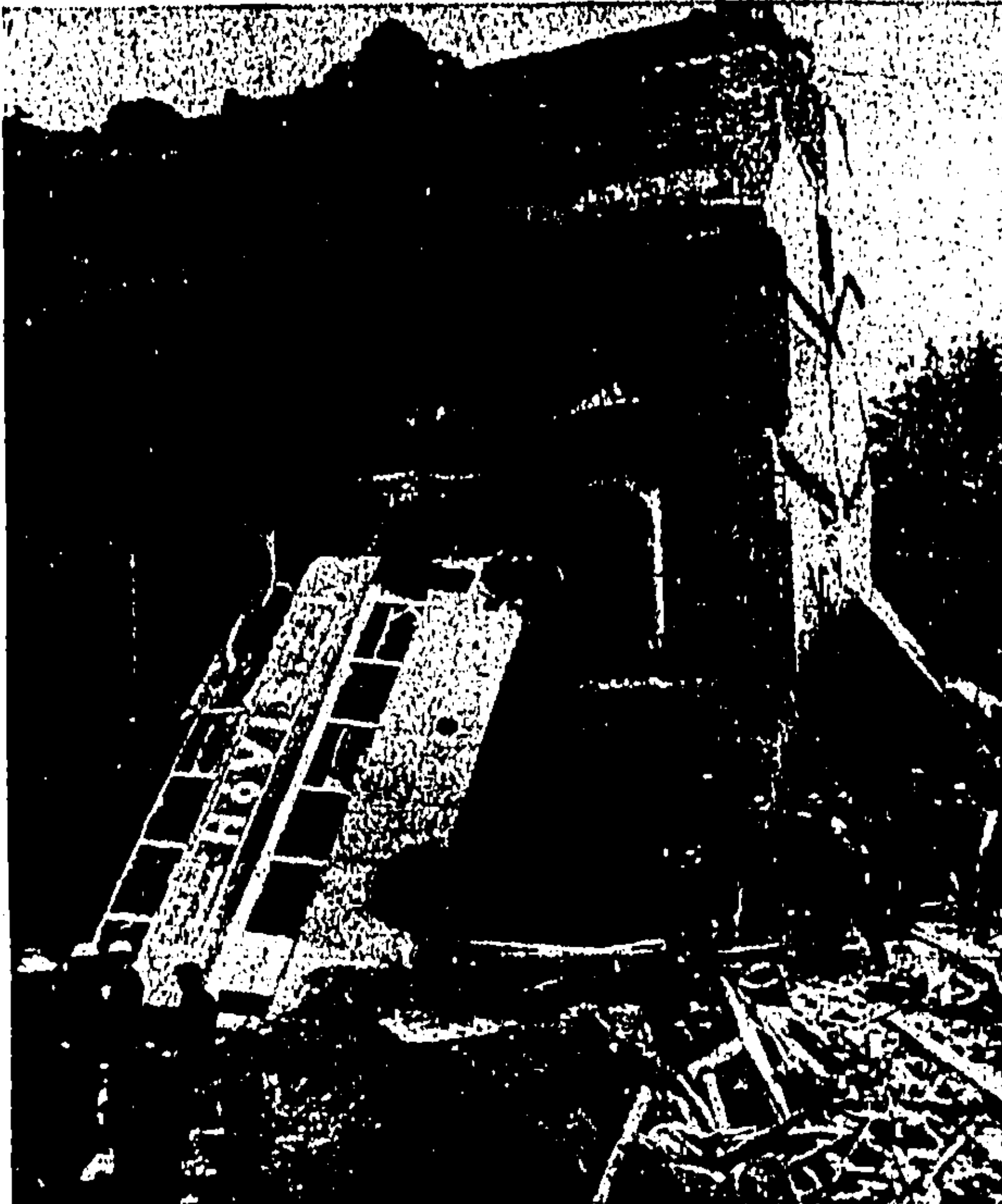
THE Royal Navy, weakened by losses in the fighting off Norway and France, still stood out in the general ruin as the one force capable of frustrating the conqueror's designs. But now the Navy itself had learned command of the sea and command of the air was indivisible. In the narrow seas, the Fleet needed its fighter cover as it needed its destroyers and its minesweepers.

Meanwhile, in Britain, the entire population, faced by the threat of invasion, has been living in a state of complete panic.



THINK BACK TO YOUR LIFE THEN...

Yes, it really is 17 years ago... and life was like this — LEFT: as viewed humorously by Pont, one of the war's greatest cartoonists; and in reality (RIGHT) as the bombs began to fall in the London streets.



A London street, September 8, 1940

Materially, the raid was a wasted effort. But it tweaked Hitler's nose. Furiously, he ordered his squadrons to abandon their deadly blows at Fighter Command and cast their bombs on London.

This temperamental impulse gave Fighter Command and the airplane factories time to steel themselves for the final and, for them, victorious battle.

The fate of Operation Sea Lion was sealed. The German Air Force had failed to master Fighter Command and had failed to crack British morale.

Without command of the air, without command of the sea, Operation Sea Lion would have been suicide.

It was not until February 1942 that the German High Command marked for the invasion of Britain were officially released from their role.

GAS USED?

It was not until after the Allied landings in Normandy that Britain relaxed her defences against invasion, defences which Churchill wrote "were prepared to go to all lengths." As a last resort mustard gas, Colonel Fleming maintains, would have been used against the invaders.

Could the invasion have succeeded? Yes—believes Colonel Fleming—but only if the Germans could have thrown three or four divisions across the Channel early in June 1940, when Britain, "though outwardly defiant, had not really got its second wind" after Dunkirk.

A WAND

COLONEL FLEMING sums up thus:—

"Invasion, throughout the summer a dagger pointed at his enemy's heart, became for a month thereafter, merely another of the magician's wands—like peace, and terror, and subversion—which Hitler waved successively or simultaneously over his enemy's head. But his spells failed to work upon the British, and he beat the air in vain."

And yet, even now, it is somehow difficult to believe that all this really happened to us.

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Alexandra House, Des Voeux Road, H.K.

"I don't think we'll leave St JOHN'S WOOD"

By Sir Beverley Baxter, MP

LET us be frank. The British winter is a poor thing lacking both in character and charm. What is worse it goes on and on like the anecdote of the club bore. Every now and then it seems to have come to an end but it starts up again. If you seek diversion in the theatre you can hardly hear the actors because of the audience coughing. If you play golf you will drive off in the sunlight and come in water-logged with rain. Just to show the cursed spite of the climate there is nearly always perfect weather on Mondays when we return to our indoor tasks.

Do you wonder that we sometimes think of joining in the emigration rush to Canada where houses are modern, where dishes wash themselves and a steak is cooked by the twiddling of a knob and the whole house is kept to a controlled temperature by oil or gas?

In contrast consider the grate fire in the morning room of the Baxter London house in St John's Wood which is a residential district some ten minutes from Regent's Park and Lord's Cricket Ground. All day long and into the night, at this time of the year, the logs chuckle and crackle as it Samuel Pickwick and his friends were due to arrive at any moment. When the company is good I have known a log nearly split its sides with merriment.

It is true that we have a central heating system as well which seems to have difficulty in finding the centre. Thus it will ignore the drawing room where our guests have gathered before dinner but will achieve 90 degrees in the box room where we keep empty suitcases. But that is part of the charm of a 150-year-old house. Mere existence, in it is an adventure.

Each Winter

Regularly every winter we decide to sell the house and move into a flat. By the time my wife gets through her financial calculations we have only to move into a flat and life's problems are over. The savings are so colossal that after a few years we would be able to buy a house in St John's Wood and start all over again.

Then just as we are all of one mind on the subject the flowers suddenly begin to appear in our old world garden. A little lonely and a little dim but obviously British in their defiance of the weather. Their is the right to be born again each springtime and they will not allow their immortality to be denied by sulking slides or cruel winds.

to be denied by sulking slides or cruel winds.

A fortnight later the sun re-enters and suddenly the giant pear tree in the garden bursts into blossom as if Romeo and Juliet were to be wedded there in the open air. It is such sheer enchantment that one looks at the radiant canopy of blossoms until one feels like crying with the poet: "O be less beautiful or be less brief!"

Each Spring

But is our prayer answered? No. Suddenly in the dead of night a cold malignant wind comes up from the sea and in the morning the terrace is covered with the corpses of a thousand blossoms.

What memories linger about this garden? During the Blitz we used to sit there as the light began to fade and wait with bombed out friends who had found shelter in our house for the nightly bombing raid. How punctual the Germans were!

Just as twilight deepened to dusk we would hear the sirens in the distance like whining cats, growing in strength until by the time it reached us it was like the howling of a thousand maniacs. Then silence... complete silence. Five, six, or ten minutes without a sound except perhaps a solitary motor car rushing to cover. The very heart beat of London seemed to have stopped.

Far away, like the pizzicato notes of a bass violin we would hear the first sound of guns. Then louder and still louder and suddenly the guns in Hyde Park would start the ears with noise while the German planes, over us shrieked like maniacs as they swooped and swerved and dived to avoid the instrument-directed gun fire.

was a curious anti-climax that affected us all.

One night a bomb fell in our neighbourhood with the odd result that although it was a quarter of a mile away the vibration caused a partial collapse of the garden wall between our house and the one next door. Next day my neighbour crossed the street and posted a letter addressed to me. Eventually it arrived. His purpose being that he and I might meet and discuss the necessary repairs of the wall. We had never been in each other's house—but that is London. One has friends and acquaintances but no neighbours.

However, on this occasion I called on him to discuss the matter and we became friends at once. Two years later he and his wife came to our place for lunch which is what you might describe as impudently under control. At any rate, in the process the ancient wall was duly restored which is what really mattered.

The interesting thing is that St John's Wood has not only a definite personality but a highly developed community sense. There is the Parish Church just up the Terrace with the names of the fallen dead of the 1914/18 war engraved in stone and a plaque for those who did not return from the Hitler war. But the winds and the rain have worn away the stone until those names that face the North and the East are almost unrecognisable.

The Neighbours

Opposite our house there used to live a little Scottish doctor who ministered to the sick and the aged. During the night of the bombing I used to cross to his house and play three-handed bridge with him and his medical compatriot Alexander Fleming. Fierce were the controversies... and, before the night was out, many a six-pence changed hands.

She had brought the gift of laughter from Toronto to London in the 1914 war, but in the death struggle with Hitler's maddened Germany she had a son who was a junior officer in the Navy. One day the mighty German battleship "Bismarck" put to sea and H.M.S. HOOD, although outaged and outnumbered, was one of the ships sent to intercept her. It may have been superb German gunnery or just the malice of fortune but the HOOD was hit by a salvo and went gallantly to her death with every available gun firing.

And Friends

Some survivors were picked up but young Peel was not among them. Beatrice Lillie who had made thousands cry with laughter now wept alone. Heart-break house had come to St John's Wood.

One day in Parliament in 1940 I happened to mention to Anthony Eden that a few junior Canadian officers were coming to my house for a highland evening meal. Eden, who joined Churchill's Government, whipped out his engagement book and turned over the pages.

"Would you mind if I come up and met them for a few minutes?" he asked. Never have I seen Eden more happy than on that night in my house. He not only talked eagerly and entertainingly but he listened with intense interest to what the Canadians had to say. He too, had a son who, as I know, fought as a pilot in Western Canada and went to his death in action against the enemy.

But you must not think that we people of St John's Wood only fight battles in the Six months ago I was elected President of the St John's Wood Society whose purpose is to prevent vandalism spoiling the character of our district. Believe me there is such a growing awareness of the fact that day now I shall be humbly be forced by my Society to head a procession to

the Town Hall of the Borough and hang the Aldermen and the Councillors, to say nothing of the Mayor.

I must explain that St John's Wood is part of the Borough of St Marylebone which includes such historic spots as Madame Tussaud's wax-works, part of Regent's Park and the alleged home of Sherlock Holmes. Our local council in London have recently decided to demolish a most hideous new street lamp and now the wicked Mayor and Council of St Marylebone are threatening to accept this new fangled lighting and force it on St John's Wood.

The wretched lamp consists of a neck like a gigantic boa-constrictor that rears its head high up into the sky and then bends it towards the ground. The light from its blundered face is a horrible gleaming yellow and the whole effect is hideous and snake-like beyond belief.

The foolish Aldermen and Councillors contend that it will lower the number of street accidents. The proud answer of the St John's Wood Society is that it would be better to die than live in such glaring ugliness. My committee keep me fully informed of everything and I give them my blessing. But if you read some time that riots have broken out in Marylebone and the militia have been called up you will know that it is our Society of Preservers at Work. It is the only chance of a monument, in my honour but I wish that the "Boudicca" who is the chief of a gangster would find someone to pour more red blood in his veins to lead them.

And Tomorrow

Tomorrow there will be more flowers in my garden awakening from their long long sleep. Soon I shall be able to sit in the sun and listen to that distant shout from Lord's cricket ground as England scores another run. We might be in the heart of the country once the summer has come. My daughter is having some trouble at the piano with Mozart. They cannot both be right and my money is on Mozart. Our cat has just seen a fallen petal move in the breeze and has worst wags its tail. I shall have to find a way to save St John's Wood yet awhile.

Intelligence Report

DYNAMITE

This fight by the arms men to ship guns to people itching to use them

ARMS dealers and their secret agents and sub-agents in Geneva, Paris, Bilbao, and Copenhagen are fighting out a furious war of intrigue over which of them is to land a contract for \$3,000,000-worth of machine guns, automatics, mortars, and ammunition.

The arms are destined for the Algerian rebels who are fighting the French. But in the first place they will be shipped to Spain—which makes their export perfectly legal.

In Spain officers of Franco's War Ministry who are in on the plot will sign for them and then re-export them to Morocco. From there smugglers run them over the Algerian border.

In a previous Intelligence Report I gave you the low-down on The Fixers, the big-money operators who arrange these arms deals. Now I can show you details.

Do you want to know what kind of prices these machine guns fetch? Anything from \$5 dollars each (\$20) for a consignment of 8,000 automatics P.V. Mark 4 to 100 dollars "per unit" (\$36) for used model 1930 and 1942 Mauser machine guns.

On the right you can take a look yourself at extracts from a typical correspondence from the files of one of the sub-agents trying to bring off a deal.

NEHRU SEEMS to be cooling towards his former idol, Nasser. He has refused to extend India's emergency credits to Egypt, granted so enthusiastically last year. And he has rejected the cotton Nasser is offering India's textile mills as too expensive.

SILT MAY CLOSE CANAL

SAND, wind, and Egyptian indolence may shortly close the newly reopened Suez Canal. Desert sand is being blown by the wind into the Canal, which is rapidly silting up.

The special Suez Canal dredgers used by the old Canal Company to keep the channel clear were nearly all sunk. So far the Egyptians have shown no signs of trying to find substitute dredgers.

In any case this may prove difficult. Experts tell me ordinary dredgers are not suitable and it will take time before the shippers, already overburdened with orders for tankers, can get around to building a new fleet of dredgers.

IKE'S AID—DISAPPOINTMENT

I PREDICT that President Eisenhower will shortly announce an offer of 70,000,000 dollars (\$28,000,000) in aid to Poland together with a promise of more to come.

The Poles think the sum too small to be of real value in strengthening Gomulka's break-away regime against Moscow's pressure campaign. They wanted 300 million dollars—part in surplus wheat, cotton, oil, and fats, part in dollar credits for mining and agricultural machinery.

The Poles, however, have one satisfaction. In agreeing to aid Poland at all Eisenhower overruled the strong section of his own Cabinet which was opposed to any kind of aid to Poland.

THE CANADIAN and U.S. Chiefs of Staff now plan to extend their screen of anti-Soviet radar stations to the North Pole itself.

WHAT MAKES RUSSIANS TICK?

"JUST as a pig can never look at the sky, so the capitalist can never understand the psychology of the Soviet

by Sefton Delmer



the French settlers have wells on their farms and ample reserves of fodder.

A clash of this kind would almost certainly bring the French Army—still in Morocco—to the aid of the settlers. Anything could happen then.

TREASURES MAY GO BACK

THE Vatican, I learn, is putting backstairs pressure on Quebec's vehemently anti-Communist Premier Duplessis to return \$2,000,000-worth of Polish art treasures to Poland.

The treasures—including the coronation sword of the Polish kings—were smuggled out of Poland in 1940 to save them from art-loving Marshal Goring. Since then they have been in the Provincial Museum in Quebec.

Premier Duplessis has so far turned down all appeals from Poland's Communist Government that the treasures should be sent home.

Now, with better relations between the Roman Catholic Church and the Polish Government and Poland's more independent line towards Moscow, the Vatican is suggesting Duplessis should yield.

NINETY-SEVEN out of 100 Frenchmen questioned knew who had won the last Tour de France cycle race. Only 15 were able to name the French Prime Minister.

REDS AMONG THE REFUGEES

HOW much of a watch is M.L.S. keeping for Communist agitators among the interpreters working with the Hungarian refugees here?

Not a very close one, to judge by what I hear in the camps.

One interpreter tells me that he himself has only just been vetted and given an interpreter's pass although he has been working—among the refugees—since last November.

Communist agitators among the refugees take a strictly bread-and-butter, non-ideological approach.

To youths, not entitled to full adult pay rates, they say: "Don't let them cheat you. Don't accept a penny less than £18 a week. That is what the men get. You cannot live on less."

people, no people reader in their weakness to betray their nearest and dearest for their own safety.

And further: "The Russians despise compromise."

It is a lesson which all Western statesmen might well learn by heart.

REPRESENTATIVE John McCormack, referring to the zest with which Congress is cutting President Eisenhower's budget: "The boys are in such a mood that if someone introduced the Ten Commandments, they'd cut them to eight."

WANTED: TANK COUNTRY

SWITZERLAND wants to rent or buy from her neighbour France a counterpart to Salisbury Plain on which the Swiss Army can practise tank warfare.

The Swiss recently bought 100 Centurion tanks from Britain. They have stood idle because Swiss farmers refuse to allow the army to hold tank exercises on their land.

MOROCCO—RAIN OR RIOT?

RAIN, rain, and more rain is what newly independent Morocco must have—and at once—if it is not to be plunged into a suicidal new wave of anti-French riots. Hardly a drop of rain has fallen there since last September.

Famished by drought, forced to kill their thirsting and starving sheep, the Moorish peasants and tribesmen will anti-French riots. Hardly a drop of rain has fallen there since last September.

Furnished by drought, forced to kill their thirsting and starving sheep, the Moorish peasants and tribesmen will anti-French riots. Hardly a drop of rain has fallen there since last September.

EXTRACT FROM DOSSIER ONE

Re: MAUSER Standard Machine Gun, Cal. .303.
With reference to our conversation of today we have pleasure in giving you herewith the following quotation:
500 units of used MAUSER Standard machine gun (cal. .303) over-all comprising:
350 MAUSER standard machine guns model 1930
150 spare magazines with spare barrels
15,000 magazines each for 50 rounds

EXTRACT FROM DOSSIER TWO

I just received your letter and phoned Bilgort at once. I will go over Monday morning and see him. It is however clear that our client for the 500 guns and his—In the area, I said him this was not right against us and we naturally want something on the business for do the business, as it was—He had agreed with the client. We will discuss this further on Monday and give you a message soonest. Regarding the price of the ammunition, he had not yet received news.

Arms dealers in action—letters from their files show the wheels turning

people." So said Nikita Krushchev, Russia's Party boss.

Well, I know one "capitalist" who does. He is Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart, one of the few men living outside Russia today who were eye-witnesses of the Bolshevik revolution in 1917.

He knew Lenin. He knew Trotsky. He was imprisoned in the Kremlin by the Reds, accused of "counter-revolution."

Sir Robert has just written a lucid account of those days that shock the world: "The Two Revolutions" (Phoenix House, 10s. 6d.). It contains this penetrating analysis of the Russian character:

"There is no kinder, gentler, more superstitiously religious people than the Russian people; no people readier in their strength to sacrifice their lives for an ideal. There is also no more savage and brutally cruel

NUWAR, THE SCHEMER, HAS LOST HIS GAMBLE

JUST over a year ago, when young King Hussein of Jordan made his favourite, the ambitious Major-General Aly Abu Nuwar, Chief of Staff of the Jordan Army in succession to Glubb Pasha, I warned that the king was setting up a traitor in command of his forces.

It is a daring prediction for me to make. But I believe that with his flight to Communist Syria Abu Nuwar has lost his gamble for power.

My reasons:—

1 American dollars and programmes of Eisenhower aid are more important than Nasser's vague promises to the money-men who more and more run Jordan.

2 The Bedouin army men trained by Glubb trust the king.

But what a smack in the eye for the little king to find that the devoted flatterer Nuwar, who, as Paris military attaché, led him round the night-spots of Europe, and whose advice he took in sacking Glubb, has now proved to be exactly what Glubb always said he was.

Said Sir John Glubb himself, talking to me by telephone from his home in Surrey: "I'm amazed that Abu Nuwar has been chucked so suddenly, but I can't say I didn't think it might come."

ISRAEL'S NEW TERROR GROUP

THE open assassination in Tel Aviv of Dr. Israel Kastner,

An aircraft of this kind—a Lockheed U2 capable of climbing to 60,000ft.—recently crashed in Nevada. Police at once put a security net around the debris to protect its secrets.

COMMON INFORMERS earned just over £1,000,000 in reward money during the past five years by tipping off U.S. income-tax collectors on tax dodgers. The tax men collected more than £28,000,000 in unpaid taxes as a result.

FRANCO TIPPED TO JOIN NATO

THE announcement, in the official information bulletin of the Bonn Government, that Germany is ready to support

These ideas are, of course, vehemently condemned in official quarters. But the idea of a reborn Kingdom of Israel has undoubtedly caught on with large sections of Israeli youth.

AIR SEARCH FOR ATOM DUST

U.S. PLANES with no identification marks or international registration numbers are shortly to be sent up from airfields in Britain and Germany—according to a German source.

They will carry a set of top-secret instruments capable of discovering and measuring particles of atom dust: in the atmosphere and assessing where they come from.

Francisco Spain's candidature for membership of Nato is now officially described as "premature."

All the same, I predict that at the forthcoming meeting of the Nato Council in May, Spain—non-belligerent enemy of Britain during the war—will become a full Nato member.

VANISHING CIVIL SERVANT

CALLING M.L.S.: When are two going to have some more news about Captain Frederick Shannon, an Air Ministry employee who vanished mysteriously a fortnight ago?

His disappearance is being talked of abroad as a sinister affair involving secrets. Reports from London received abroad insist that he was in charge of the destruction of discarded secret papers in a hush-hush department of the Air Ministry.

Whitehall officials claim that his most secret job was the compilation of Air Ministry telephone directories.

Police and security officers are trying to find out what happened to the captain after he left his home in Kingston—with a completely new outfit of clothes—on April 2.

LATEST TYPE Soviet land mines are being placed along the Austro-Hungarian frontier. They are constructed to explode three feet above the ground.

Canal Is Ours, Says "Panama"

PRESIDENT ERNESTO DE LA GUARDIA spoke to me with remarkable frankness about the Panama Canal when I interviewed him at the Palace of the Herons in hot and hectic Panama City today.

He said: "The Republic of Panama means to resume complete sovereignty over the Panama Canal and over the land known as the Canal Zone."

"There is deep feeling in our country over the question of sovereignty."

"Many respected United States legal authorities agree that there is no question about our sovereignty in this matter."

He is a bright-eyed character, this ruler of an extraordinary country which crouches across one of the most vital water links in the world.

The United States regards the Panama Canal as one of her supremely vital interests, as much to be protected and secured as San Francisco's "Golden Gate."

Before he became President, de la Guardia was the manager of a giant brewery. He ran it very well. He is accepted as an honest man throughout the country.

He is aware that everything that Nasser has done in Egypt has built up sometimes overwhelming pressures for similar measures here.

Anti-American

The nationalists cry out for action. Anti-Americanism rumbles dangerously. Even the most level-headed Panamanians are asking themselves: "Why foreign control of a broad strip of our own land?"

And Panamanians grow angry at being jeered at as "United States satellites" by other Latin Americans.

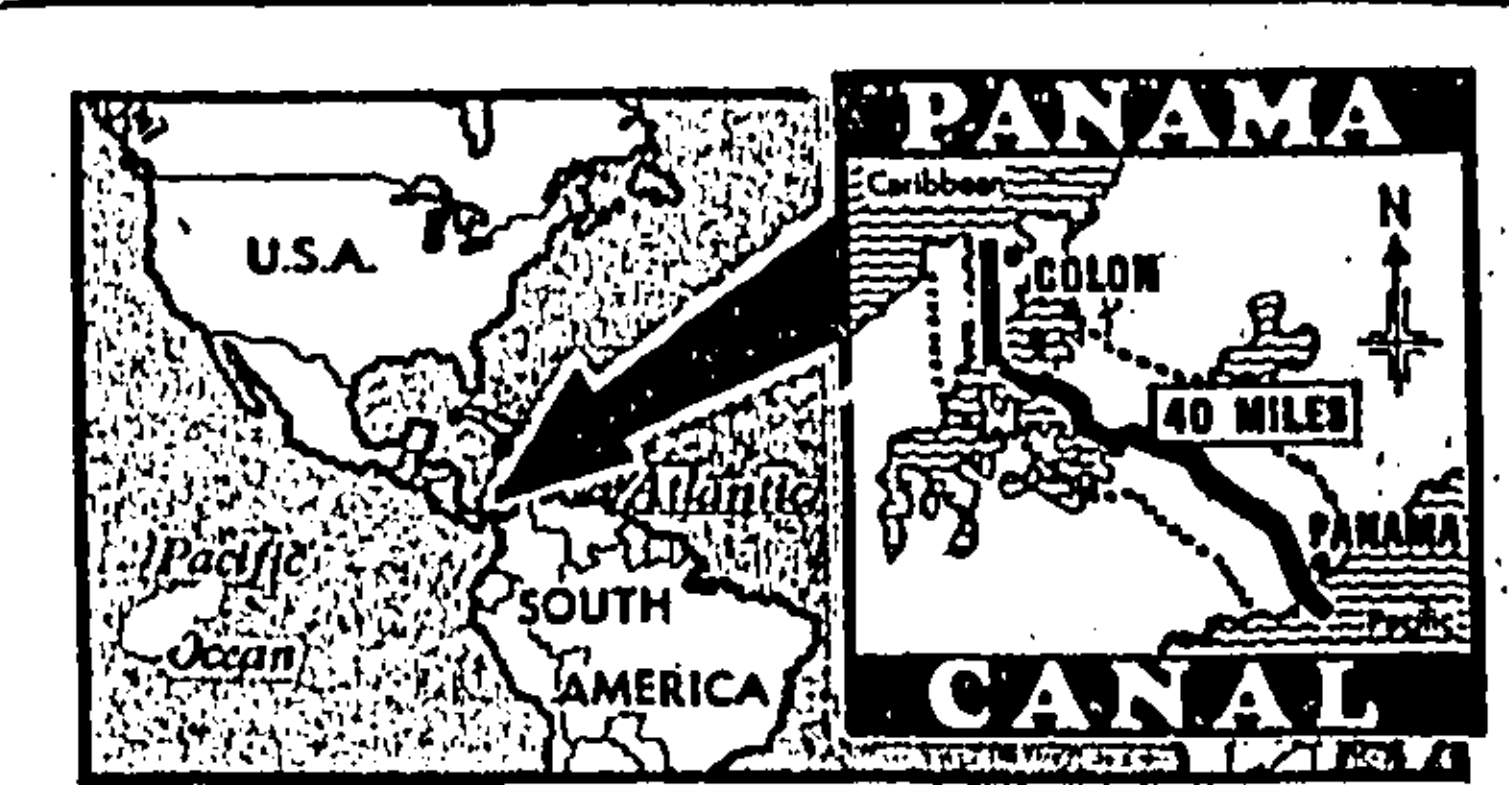
Said President de la Guardia: "Yes, I would say that the prevalent public sentiment is in favour of a take-over by Panama."

"But you must not get too romantic about these things. You have got to weigh all the factors. The Communists, of course, are doing their bit."

I said many Panamanians had told me that it was time for the Americans to split the canal profits 50-50 with Panama, since the canal is just as much a "natural asset" as is the oil of Arabia.

He puffed on his cigarette and replied: "At present we are getting about 12½ per cent of the profits (about £700,000) a year. 'Perhaps' things will change. Sometimes it is not a matter of money. There are other ways in which one can gain."

From RENE MacCOLL: Panama



ling about 12½ per cent of the profits (about £700,000) a year. "Perhaps" things will change. Sometimes it is not a matter of money. There are other ways in which one can gain."

"We firmly claim sovereignty over the canal—on that point we will not yield."

"The phrase 'in perpetuity' as regards the American lease of the canal has now become quite academic. The Canal Zone, too, is ours."

The President added earnestly: "While we talk in this way I want to make it clear that we are not hostile to America."

"We regard ourselves as partners in a common enterprise and I feel that we can argue with the Americans without upsetting anyone."

I asked the President whether Panamanians resent the fact that while 20,000 of them work on the canal, compared with 3,500 Americans, yet the Panamanians hold only poorly-paid menial jobs.

He answered: "The Americans should remember two things: (1) People in general do not like the rich. (2) Americans with money are apt to behave too boldly when they go abroad."

"Racial discrimination is strongly resented by my people, but we have promises that discrimination will be done away with."

I walked out of the palace into the heat of Panama City. It is a tense sort of place.

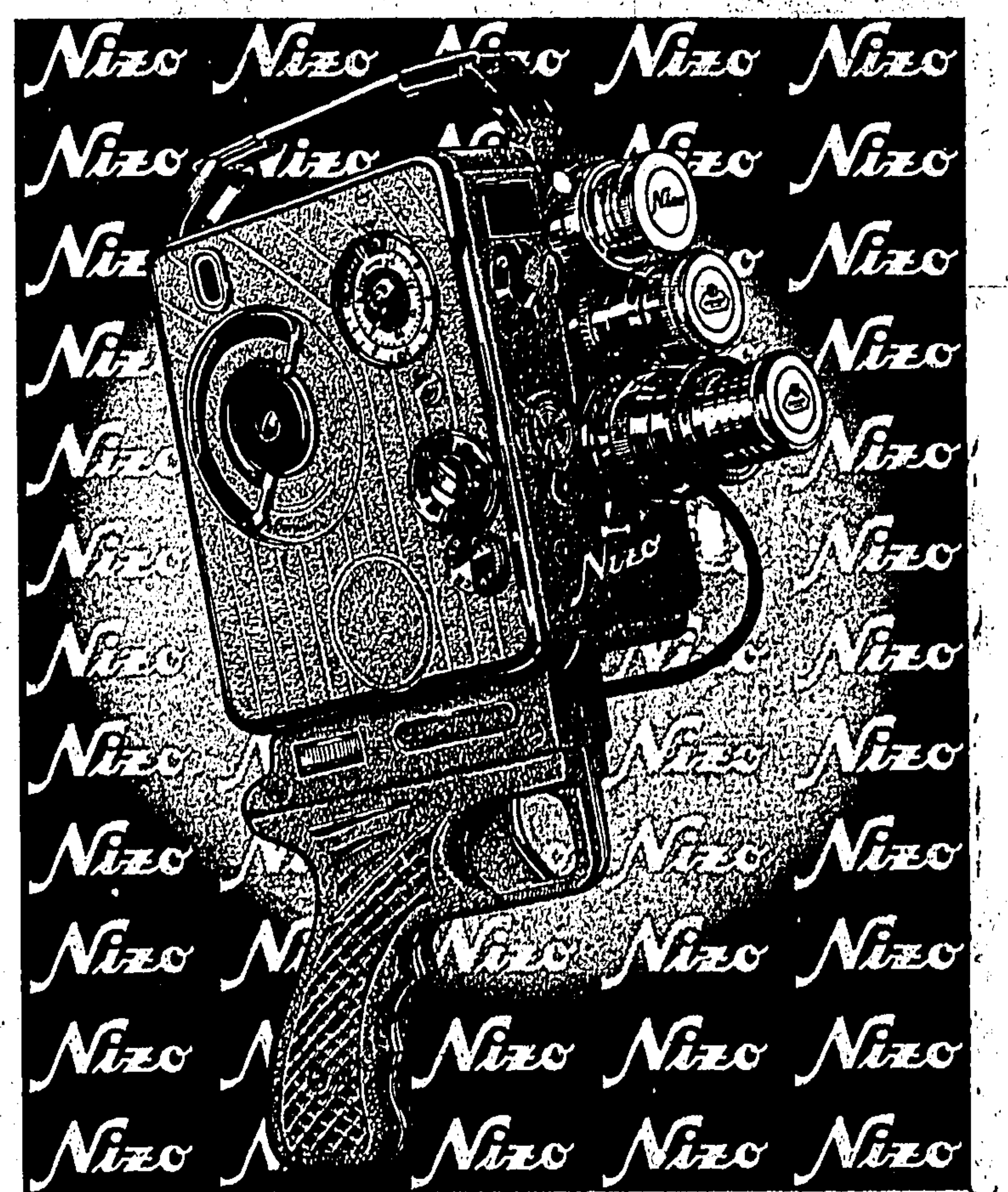
In the air

There is a feeling in the warm air like violin strings. The strings may stand up for another tune or two—or snap.

Back in 1903 the United States signed a treaty with the then insignificant little Republic of Panama by which America was to enjoy "rights in perpetuity" over the canal—then uncompleted—and over the "Canal Zone," stretching for five miles on each side of the canal.

In 1914 the 60-mile canal linking the Caribbean with the Pacific was completed and opened to the world's shipping.

In the last war the United States had a garrison of 100,000 men stationed in the zone. Today there are jet planes, big guns, elaborate radar installations, plenty of troops—all the trappings of a vast and alert United States military base.



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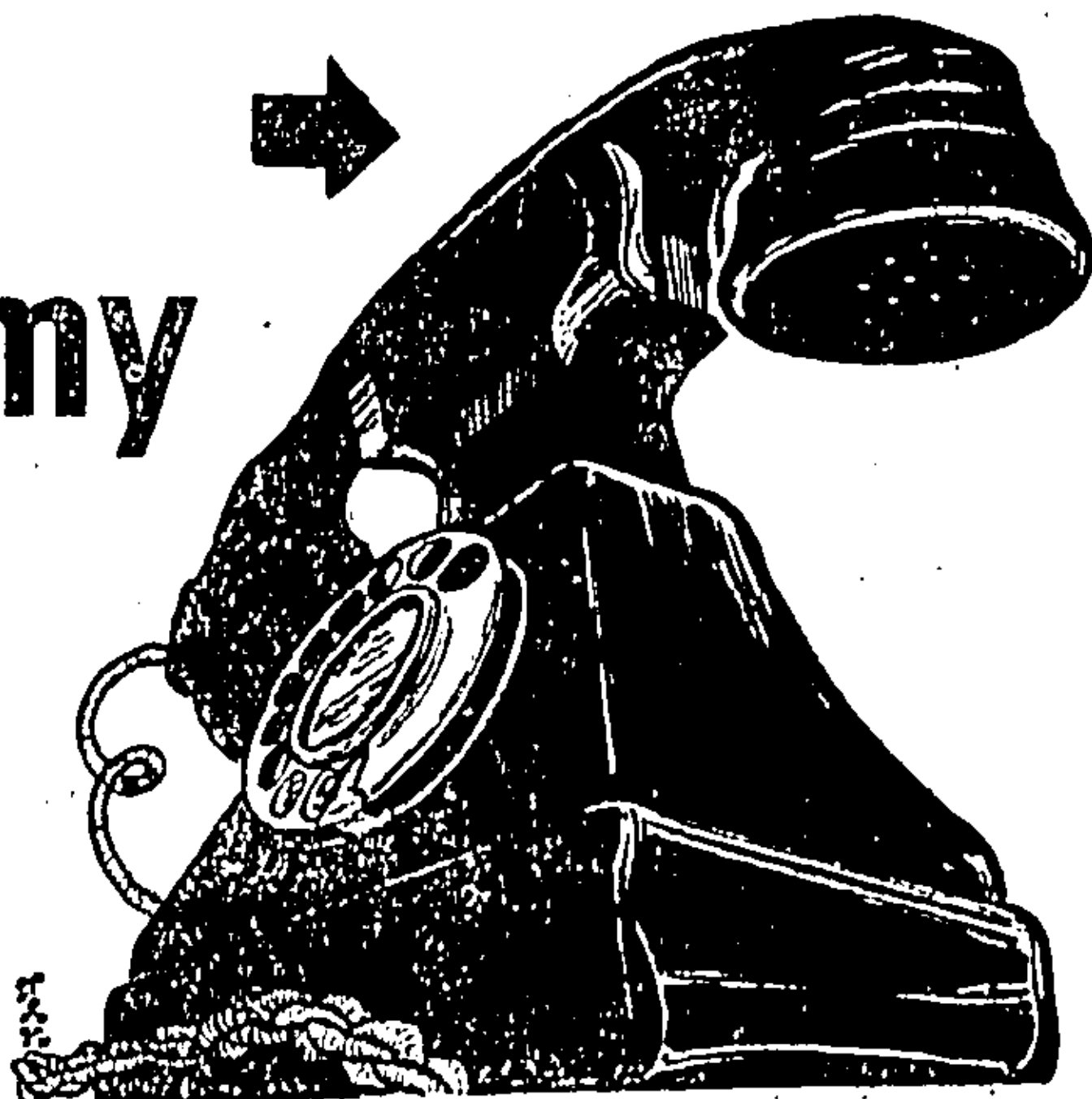


Going cool—Guinness lets his hair down



The girl is Jackie Collins, younger sister of Joan. Her partner? Barnacle Bill, alias Alec Guinness. And reports from the floor indicate that the sailor is fit to rock the boat.

Is THIS the enemy in your home?



I would willingly say goodbye to its horrid black face and the MEN who make it into a demon

by EILEEN ASCROFT

IS the telephone in one's home an asset or a liability? As far as I am concerned, my telephone is an enemy in my home. I would willingly say good-bye to its horrid black face for ever.

A telephone may be essential for business, but at home it is a luxury one can well do without.

Women know how to use the telephone briefly and for essential purposes. They would rather do their gossiping over a cup of tea.

widowed sisters, or presents for their wives.

It is the men who are telephone pests.

I cannot stand the early-bird business man who believes in "catching you before you leave for the office."

I detest the young men who ring you in the middle of your bath to inquire if you really meant what you said at last night's party.

But worst of all are the men in search of advice. They will wake you at 11 p.m. at night, with hearty cries of "I know you would be home now," to consult you about careers for their daughters, late for their

How do other people feel about this black-faced demon? —

Author J. B. Priestley regards it as an enemy and "uses it as little as possible." He never conducts business over the telephone and says, "I would never have fallen in love with my wife if she were a telephone chatterbox."

Luckily he does most of his writing in the Isle of Wight, where he is difficult to contact, "but lots of unwanted calls still seep through from London."

Hugh Beaumont, managing director of H. M. Tennant

Ltd., takes the opposite view. "I adore the telephone and use it all day long." He uses it for long chats with friends as he "hates letter-writing." What he hates most at weekends is being stranded in the country "with a dicey telephone so that you feel cut off from everywhere."

Kate Roosevelt, step-daughter of the American Ambassador in London, says she wishes she could manage without it. "It is rather terrifying the importance it has assumed in my life."

She uses it for chats with friends and making last-minute dates, but she thinks men do much more chattering on telephones than women.

Actress Mary Ure shares my dislike of the talkative monster. "People always ring you at the wrong times," she says, "and anything worth saying is much better said in a letter."

—London Express Service.

The Laugh Is On The Audience

MILTON SHULMAN
AT THE FILMS



Virginia McKenna.

HOLLYWOOD is fond of putting on a red nose and showing how hilariously ridiculous it can be. Indeed the paraphernalia of movie-making — conceited stars, temperamental directors, inarticulate producers, ulcerated agents — has become almost a cliché of the screen. Nothing is left to laugh at.

But it has taken a British film to commit the supreme heresy by attacking the golden sacred cow of the cinema business, *The Smallest Show on Earth* at the London Pavilion actually ridicules the audience!

Monkey house

Although this is practically akin to bombing one's own headquarters or eating one's young, my only complaint is that the assault is not nearly violent enough.

Through its own peculiar approach to film exhibition, the cinema has cultivated a public with the manners of a monkey house.

The continuous performance with its assumption that a film can be just as well enjoyed backwards as frontwards has encouraged a healthy disrespect for what is going on up

The cuddling couples in the back row and the Toddy Boys in the front have to be given regular injections of chocolate, ice and popcorn to keep them bovinely contented.

The film only begins to make itself pay when it hires a dazzling blonde to give the customers a long line of leg with their sweets and when it is running a series of desert pictures with the hero groping for water to stimulate a thirst in the stalls. The cinema boilers are stoked to a feverish pitch to make the patrons even thirstier still.

A stampede

Samples of audience behaviour include near-riots when the projector breaks down and a herd-like stampede to the exits to avoid having to stand for the National Anthem.

With Margaret Rutherford, Peter Sellers, and Bernard Miles portraying three ancient roles of the silent cinema days in attendance at the Fleapit, this film manages a respectable quota of gentle fun. I am always delighted at the sight of a film reel running amok.

Virginia McKenna and Bill Travers, as the young couple, were appropriately harassed by their capricious public. But when the rival cinema burned down I think Lauder and Glidist, the producers, would have made a more telling point if a few of the customers had been roasted as well. Just for a laugh.

It only chides

The Smallest Show on Earth has, unfortunately, dared only chide rather than abuse cinema audiences. It is an amiable tale about a young couple who have been left a tiny cinema so dilapidated and decrepit that it is affectionately known as the Fleapit.

In their efforts to compete with the opulent, chromium-lined Grand Cinema across the way they soon realise that merely showing films is not enough.

Mr Rank on a visit to his visible assets

By JOHN LAMBERT

CAERHAYS CASTLE, nr. St Mawes, Cornwall.
ARTHUR RANK.

J. Britain's most elusive film magnate, has suddenly arrived here to look over some of his more visible assets.

It is so long since he has done this that even he says: "I cannot remember when I last watched one of my own films being made."

The assets here include 22-year-old Belinda Lee, an actress he knows slightly. Louis Jourdan, a French actor he has heard about, and 25-year-old Anne Heywood, an ex-beauty queen he had not met till now.

Revival

BUT the biggest asset is that this film—called "Dangerous Exile"—is the sort of costume melodrama in which the men can be lusty and the girls can be busy.

And Mr Rank—or the Big Boss as he is known here—knows all about that. He made James Mason, Margaret Lockwood, and Stewart Granger big stars in such films 10 years ago. He made big money from them too.

And he thinks this is the sort of film to make the big money again. Watching Anne Heywood doing a scene for the eighth time the Big Boss patted her hand paternally and said: "You look very pretty, my dear."

Changed

MRS HEYWOOD flinched slightly at his choice of adjective. She explained: "I used to be called Pretty—Violet Pretty, in fact. It was a useful name to have as a beauty queen, but I grew to hate it. It was so ridiculous and people thought I must be ridiculous too."

"So when I was asked if I would like to be a film actress I said: 'Yes, if I can change my name as well.'"

But the Big Boss did not seem inclined to discuss his stars' problems. They say he never is. He just said: "I hope you are enjoying yourself in this film."

Why is he never seen at his studios these days? Mr Rank looked sadly evasive and said: "I'm 68—and when you are that age you have to take things more easily."



Tycoon in muffle—J. Arthur Rank, in hawking jacket and baggy cords, steps out with Belinda Lee (left), similarly informal, and Anne Heywood (alias Violet Pretty) in costume circa Nello Gwynne.



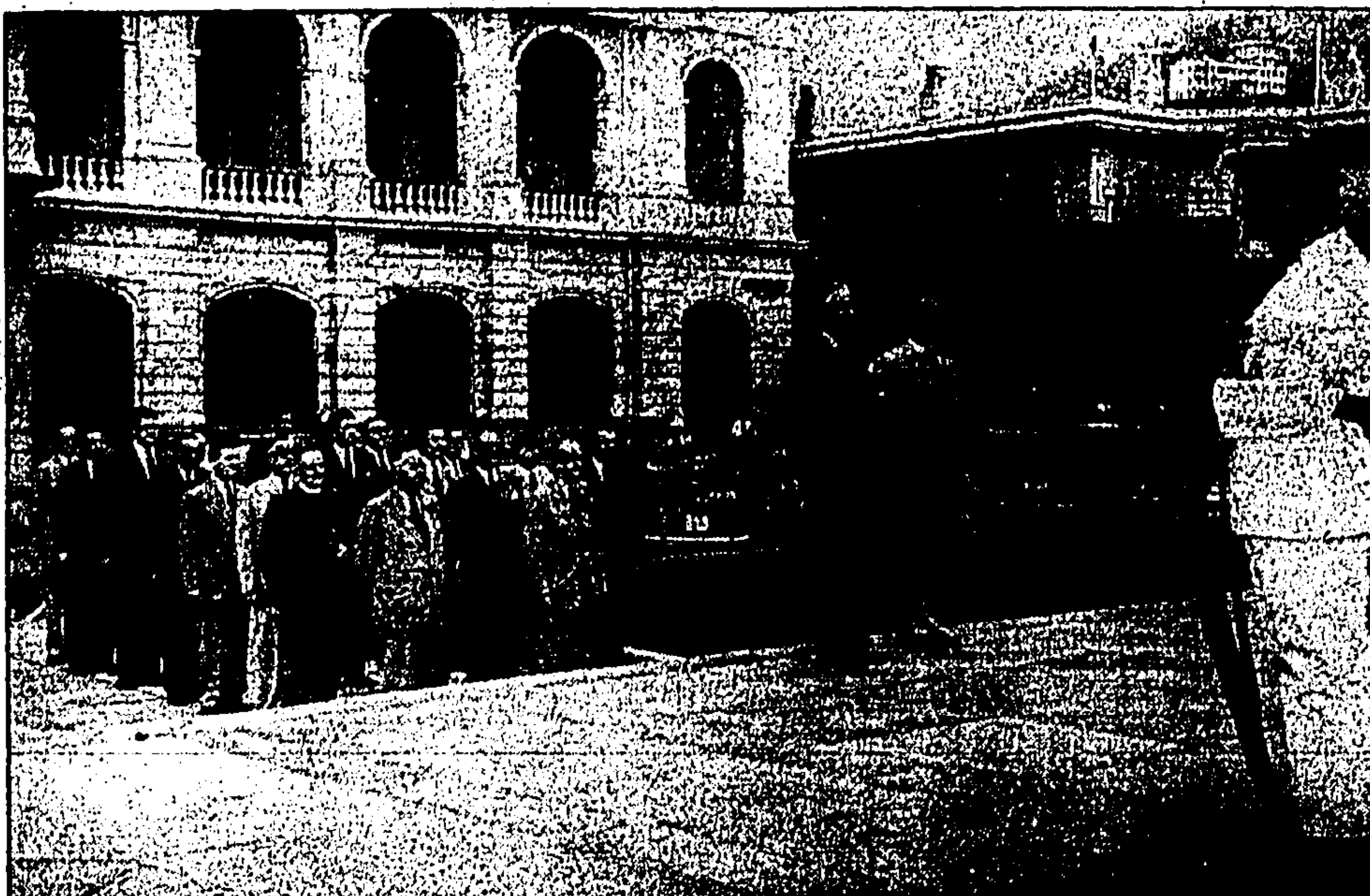
A WEEK OF CONCERTS.
Above . . . parents and friends at St Stephen's College for the annual Open Day and concert in the school hall.

St Stephen's girls also joined with talented displays by Portuguese, Indian, Dutch, Siamese, British, Chinese, Philippine . . . the Concert of Little Dancers of the Seven Seas held at the French Convent School, Causeway Bay.
(Staff Photographer)



Lady Grantham, knowledgeable patron of Chinese arts, at the exhibition of Mr J. S. Chow at the Cecil Arts Gallery.

(Staff Photographer)



Mr L. B. Stone and Mr W. Stoker, President and Vice-President of the Society of St George, head a party at the canonaph on the holy day of England's patron saint. Sentries with reversed arms were mounted for the occasion by the 1st Battalion Green Howards.

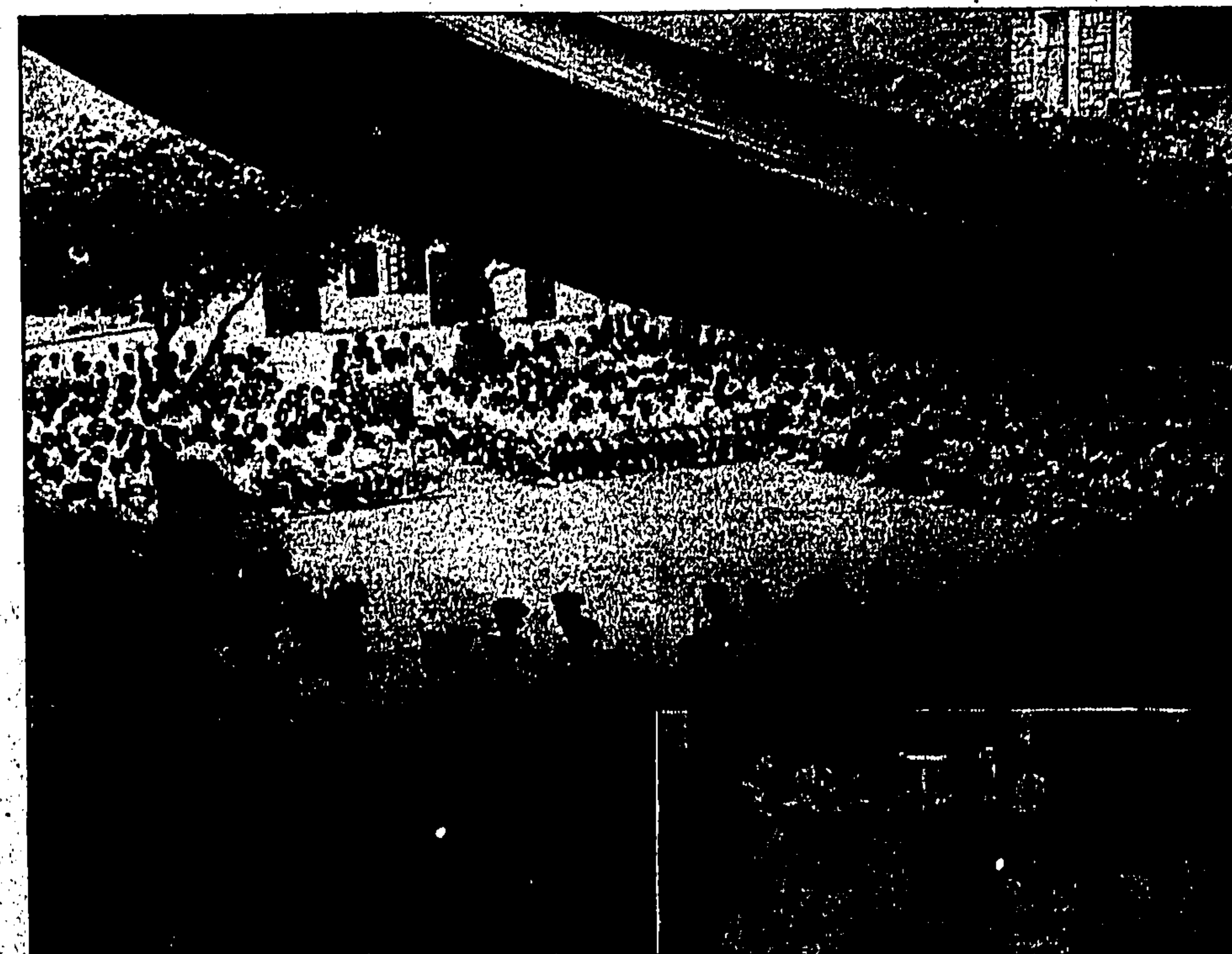
(Staff Photographer)



Someday, maybe, they'll make a Registry Office worthy of the dresses that are made for it. Anyway, Miss Shirley Yao certainly outshone her surroundings when she became the bride of Dr H. M. Chang.



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The visit of Dr. Calvitt Clarke, founder and international director of the Christian Children's Homes was the occasion for widespread preparations and a combined concert by four homes at the Faith Love Children's Home, Fanling. (Staff Photographer)

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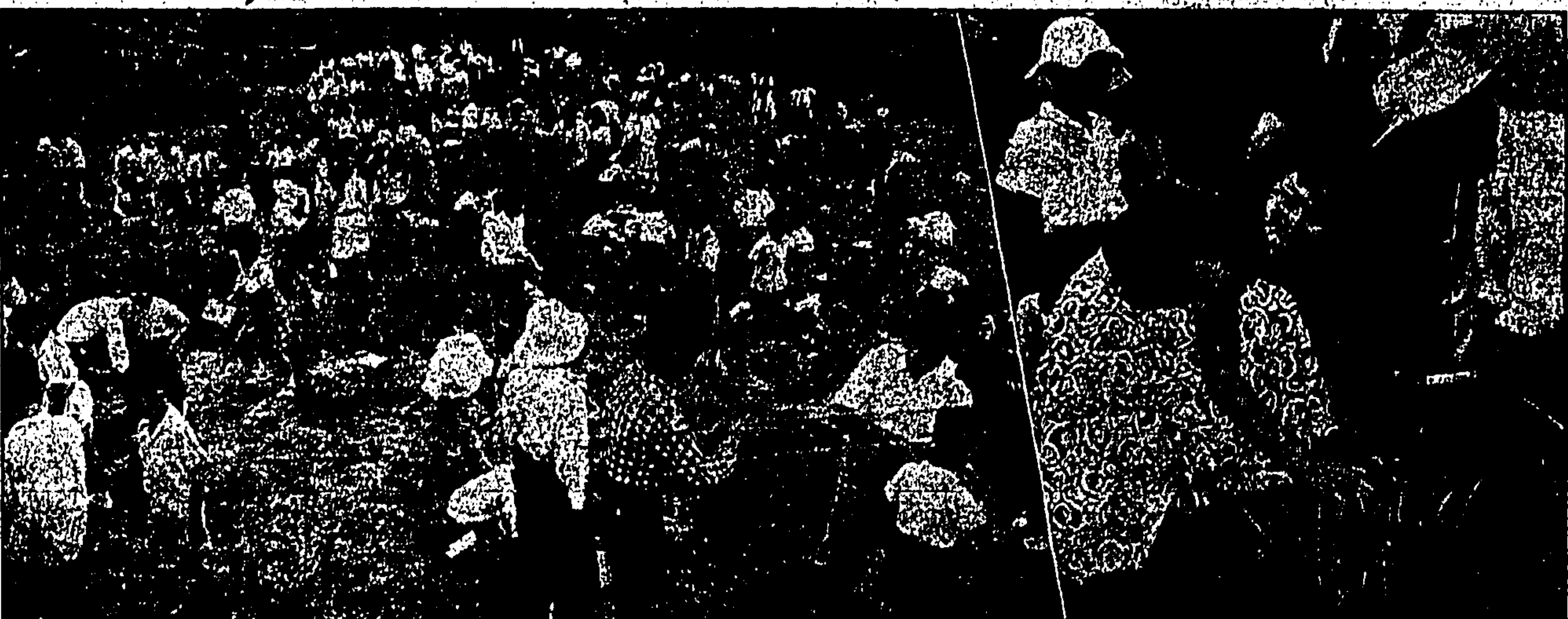
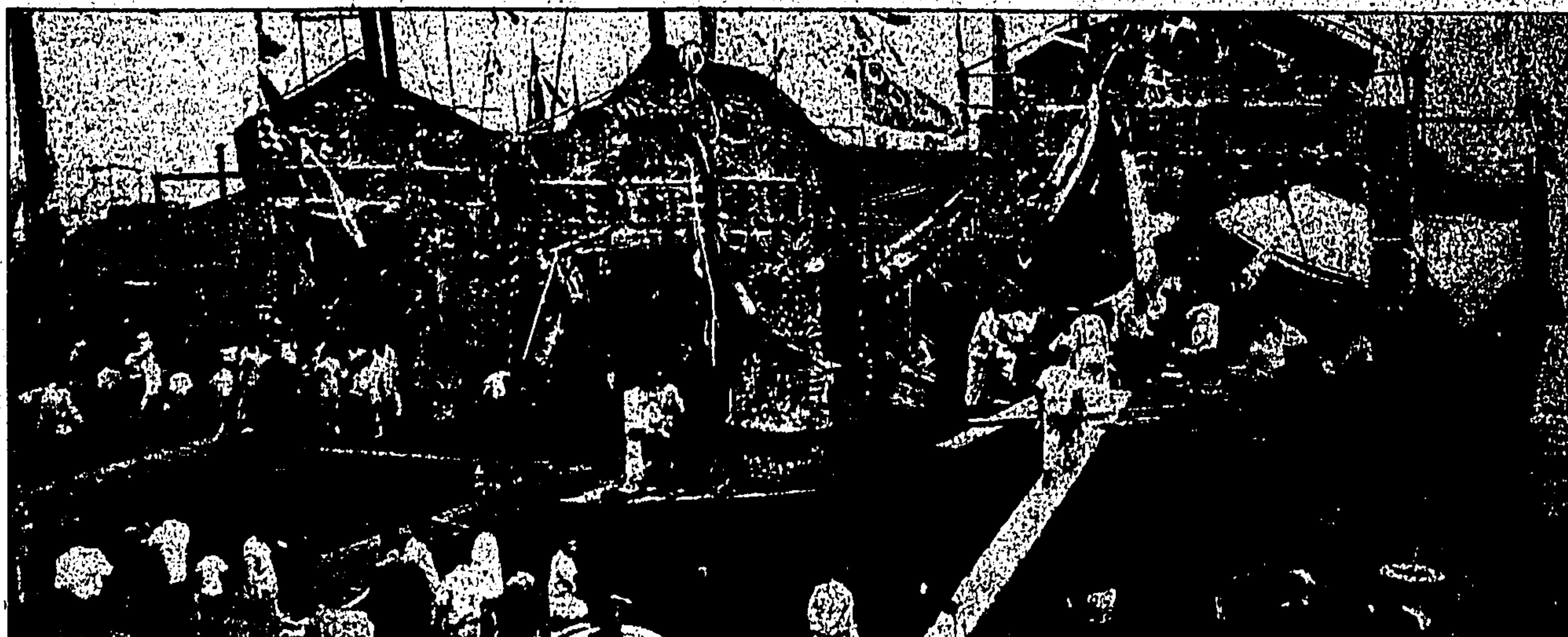
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SPRING in the air . . . Members of Union Church rose a great while before dawn on Easter Sunday for a hill top service at first light. "Kartini Day" . . . Mrs T. M. Hasbjah, was hostess at a tea party in honour of female emancipation in Moslem Indonesia.



EASTER MAGIC . . . four happy faces after a single wedding: Miss Ruby Scott to Mr Kitto Luko. Funny thing—reflection's looking at the camera but Kitto Luko's winking! RIGHT: Harbour junk people had their biggest celebration of the year in honour of the Queen of Heaven.



NEW LIFE . . . and what better celebration than Mr. Blackie's tree planting party at the 7th mile Castle Peak Road? And what better food than . . . Colony egg imports have risen to 1,600 baskets a day.

BELOW: Clockwise, Easter snaps . . . Hongkong ambassadors back from air-hostess training Phyllis Wong, Diana Hsu, Eleanor Lee . . . Reflections on the tarmac as Commodore Unwin leaves Hongkong . . . Hongkong-Macao festivities after the Guingam Memorial Cup football "interport" . . . and the Anthony Kwok-Mary Chan wedding at St Teresa's.

(STAFF PHOTOGRAPHERS)

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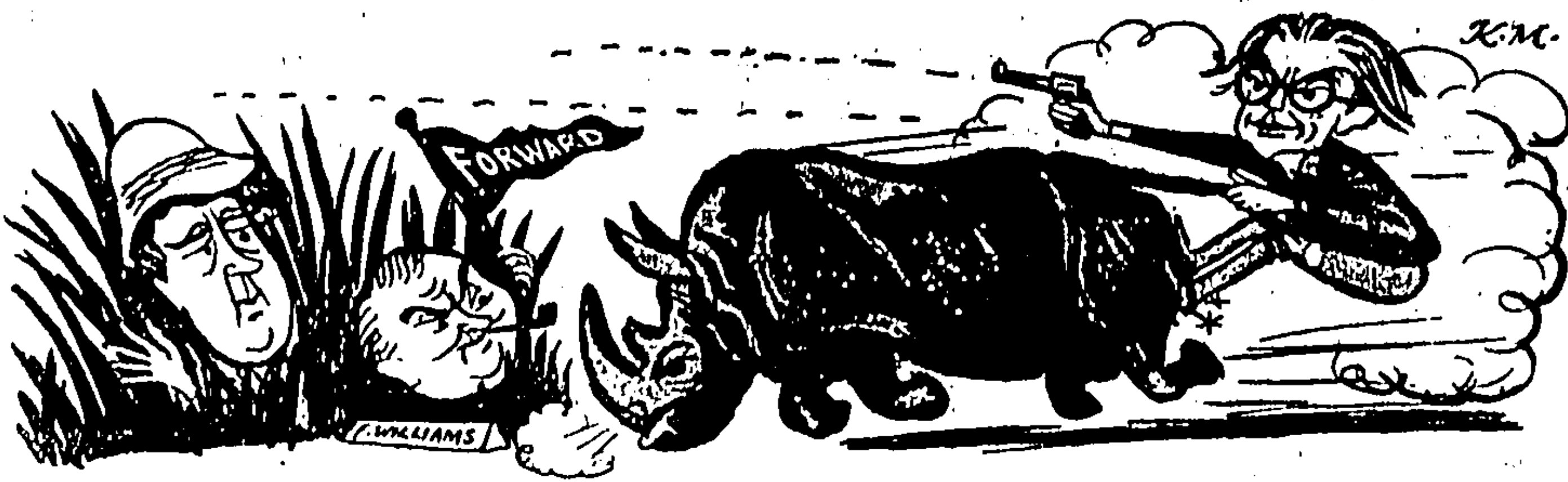
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DES VOEUX ROAD.

Those political weeklies—how on earth do they keep going?



Michael Foot is the man they fear at Westminster

by Robert J. Edwards

BENEATH the news-papers and piles of pulchritude that have pride of place on the news-stands lurk an astonishing variety of weekly political reviews. No other country has so many—not even France. They are a strictly British phenomenon.

In the opinion of their readers, they testify to Britain's political maturity. A more likely explanation is that tycoons and the Treasury deserve a large share of the credit.

The system which allows companies under certain conditions to contribute some of their profits to loss-making firms, and so reduce the amount of tax they would otherwise pay, is perhaps a mainstay of some of the weeklies. Another prop must be subsidies from rich men in the form of gifts. Without such beneficence, a number of reviews would, according to my calculations, scarcely survive the night.

Surprising sale

The total sale of the seven leading political weeklies—the Economist, New Statesman, Spectator, Tribune, Time and Tide, Truth, and Forward—is surprising, taking into account the influence they are supposed to have.

Only the first three publish their figures, but my guess is that the combined total is no more than 250,000. Deducting the newagent's share leaves less than £8,000 weekly revenue from sales to be shared among the seven. If it is money you're after, far better to invest in an Espresso bar.

One paper in the group with no money worries at all is the Economist, which appeared last week in a new typographical garb. Despite its radical, often Left-wing views, it is the enlightened big business man's paper on business subjects. It is also read by people who advise big business men, people who would like to be big business men, and people who are suspicious of big business men and want to keep an eye on them.

Every year the Economist swells its income by selling what must be the most expensive desk diary in Britain. No doubt many readers recoup the cost of this investment on their expense accounts.

The paper that constantly tells the Government how to

keep the country solvent can at least claim that it practises what it preaches.

Superb coverage

LESS propitious, but buoyant, nevertheless, is the New Statesman and Nation, the magazine no fashionable Socialist is seen to be without. Its large sale, more than 70,000 at 9d, a time is explained by its superb coverage of books and the arts, as well as by its appeal to the public school and university Left.

The Statesman's dotage comes in its artful political digests and leading articles, and letters the length of murder reports. Ample compensation comes from a quaint, lovely, heartily personal advertisements column, competitions of a strictly senior common-room variety, and a highbrow, flavoured gossip column by the paper's brilliant, sandwich-eating, addled editor, Kingsley Martin.

I suspect Mr Martin's greatest disappointment is his paper's failure to wield a political influence commensurate with its circulation. The only weekly review whose punches are powerfully felt at Westminster, and which is read with some fear and trembling, is Tribune, whose Bevanite gospel is argued every week with the subtlety of a charging rhinoceros.

Tribune is by far the most widely circulated weekly among the active members of the Socialist rank and file throughout the country. Its Brains Trust were the only successful political meetings during the long period of apathy that preceded the Suez intervention. When Mr Gaitskell had an audience of ten one chilly night a Tribune Brains Trust near-by had 400.

Valuable

On major issues, Tribune nearly always represents the opinions of its co-founder and ex-editor Aneurin Bevan, whose wife is a director. Michael Foot, editor and controlling shareholder, has been associated with the paper from the beginning, except for a period when he was at the Evening Standard—of which he was editor, though certainly not controlling the policy of the paper. He is, in my

opinion, Mr Bevan's most valuable colleague.

It was Tribune's power in the Socialist Party that prevented Mr Bevan's expulsion two years ago. Now Mr Bevan is generally recognised as the most formidable figure on the Socialist Front Bench, bar none. And his—Mr Tribune's—policies have been largely adopted at least for the time being.

Best tribute

THE best tribute to Tribune has been paid by Mr Bevan's present leader—Mr Hugh Gaitskell. He and his friends have taken over Forward once the vote of the Clydeside rebel Socialist MPs, as a rival paper.

They did so through a controlled company directly called the Lionel Cooke Agency Ltd. Mr Gaitskell is a director. So, happily, are Mr Lew Cohen managing director of a multi-million Alliance Building Society, and Mr John Diamond, a former Tribune shareholder and managing director of Capital and Provincial New Theatres Ltd.

Forward must be costing some one dearly. It has none of the inconspicuous capitalist advertisements widely inserted from time to time in Tribune to influence Socialist policy makers and nationalisers. Its most striking characteristic is a prominent photograph of its editor, Mr Francis Williams, which appears week by week. I assume to be his favourite role of lighting a pipe while looking out of a television screen.

Forward was taken over to defeat not the Tories but Tribune, whose power has been referred to privately by Mr Gaitskell in tones of awe. It is therefore a schismatic sheet tending to develop and exacerbate internal party quarrels.

Heavy burdens

MR RONALD STAPLES is the printer, publisher and controlling shareholder of Truth. He or someone else must also be shouldering heavy burdens.

Under its present editor, Mr George Scott, Truth's opinions

are more moderate than in the diehard days of Collin Brooks. Mr Scott has a flair matched by no other reviewer editor for discovering and alas (such are the rewards elsewhere) losing, new talent in journalism. He is the Carroll Lewis of Fleet Street.

Another vigorous young editor is The Spectator's Mr Ian Gilmour. I have that wrong. The Spectator is Mr Gilmour's. His career was spurred on by his good fortune in having enough money to buy the majority of Spectator shares.

Mr Gilmour has engaged Mr Guy Burgess to write book reviews though he is not expected to deliver the manuscripts in person. A more frequent contributor is Mr Randolph Churchill.

Intrusion

In a recent issue Mr Churchill rejected at the heavy awards made against newspapers in recent libel actions. He advised anyone who felt he had been libelled following an intrusion into private life to telephone him at his home in Suffolk.

Mr Aneurin Bevan, Mr Richard Crossman and Mr Morgan Phillips have since raised writs for libel in relation to another article in the same issue of the paper. So far as I know, they did not telephone East Bergholt before seeing their lawyers.

Time and Tide (editor and managing director Lady Rhonda) is now the only orthodox voice of extreme Toryism among the weeklies. Mr W. J. Brown writes regularly. The paper has been charged with having never looked forward since the days of the suffragettes.

Too risky?

EVEN Punch, closer to being a weekly political review than ever before, is attacking institutions it formerly regarded as sacred. Not even the clergy are now safe from its barbs.

Its editor, Mr Malcolm Muggeridge, also writes in the New Statesman, where his most left-wing contributions appear. Possibly he feels it would be too great a risk to publish such views in his own paper.

The changes in Punch are reflected in its circulation. The average weekly sales were down by nearly 6,000 from July to December last year compared with the similar period in 1955.

3 Point Plan For Success

A YOUNG man spun a coin on Horden airfield 49 years ago. He called out "heads." And heads it was. Today he is Sir Roy Dobson, one of Britain's star aeroplane builders and industrialists.

He is the man behind the £30 million deal by which control of the Algoma Steel Corporation of Canada is changing hands in one of the biggest operations of recent years.

LINK WITH RAF

In the war he built for the RAF its famous Lancaster bombers. In the peace he has created in Canada a 100 million dollar engineering network on a 1,000 dollar loan put up by a friend.

So at 65 Sir Roy has developed in full measure the Art of Success. I have been asking him about it. In a quiet voice, still dusted with the tones of his native Manchester, he gave his three rules: You must know your job.

You must make up your mind about what you want to do, and then have unwavering faith in what you are doing.

You must never be the one to be worn down when you meet opposition. Always let that be the other fellow.

Sir Roy is head of the A. V. Roe Canada enterprise which is putting through the Algoma Steel deal.

He is also one of the top directors of the Hawker Siddeley aircraft group which controls A. V. Roe.

How does he manage to do so much? Puffing at a cigar Sir Roy explained:

"I like work, but there is no point in getting intense about it. If you say to yourself 'I am the only one who can do that job' you will soon be dead. I spend my time making sure that others are doing what I want them to."

As a young man Roy Dobson trained as a mechanical engineer.

Dobson became a very good engineer. Steam engines were his line.

But he liked to try everything once. And that was how he came to spin a coin at Horden in early 1914.

He had gone there with friends to have a flight. Demand was greater than supply. They had to lose up to settle who went up. Dobson won—and was thrilled.

FIRST CHALLENGE

So thrilled that he was soon working for the airplane firm of A. V. Roe, in Manchester.

Sir Roy lit a second cigar. We moved on to his second rule for success.

The first challenge to Dobson's faith in airplanes came in the years that followed the 1918 peace.

He was then managing the A. V. Roe business here. A new boss came in and was led to turn the whole lot over to making car bodies.

Dobson said he could produce them better and cheaper than anyone. But he insisted on building airplanes too.

"I was threatened with the sack," Sir Roy recalls. "But I would not budge. And eventually the boss gave way."

We switched to his third rule for success—never be the one to give way when you feel you are right.

Sir Roy recounted one particular story from the last war:



SIR ROY DOBSON

The man behind the £30 million deal by which control of the Algoma Steel Corporation of Canada is changing hands is Sir Roy Dobson. Here he tells how he reached the top.

By Alexander Thomson

"A two-engined bomber we were building was not a success. We decided that if it were redesigned to take four of the latest Rolls-Royce engines it could be transformed into a fine airplane.

"But materials were scarce, and engines even scarcer. We had to beg, borrow and nearly steal to get what we wanted to prove our point."

The result was Britain's war-winning Lancaster.

After the war he became convinced that there were big opportunities in Canada.

STARTED ON LOAN

But dollars were even shorter than they are now. For once it seemed as if Dobson would have to be the one to give way.

He borrowed 1,070 dollars from a Canadian friend and formed a company in Canada.

From the Canadian Government he then bought a wartime airplane factory on "never-never" terms.

Half the profits were to be used to pay off the debt. A Canadian bank lent working capital to be repaid from the other half.

In the 10 years since, the build-up has been immense.

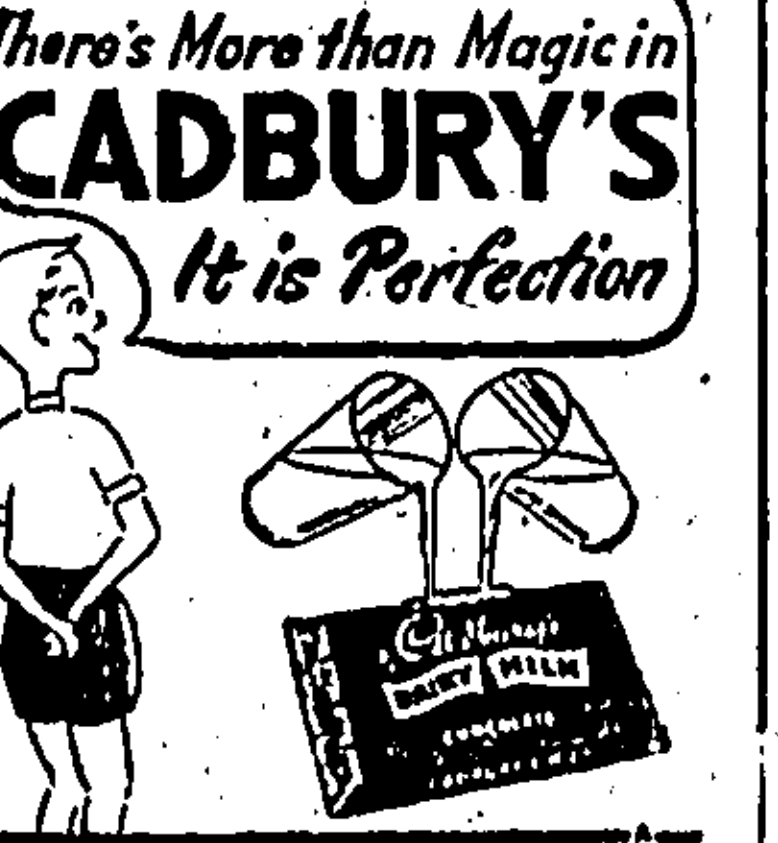
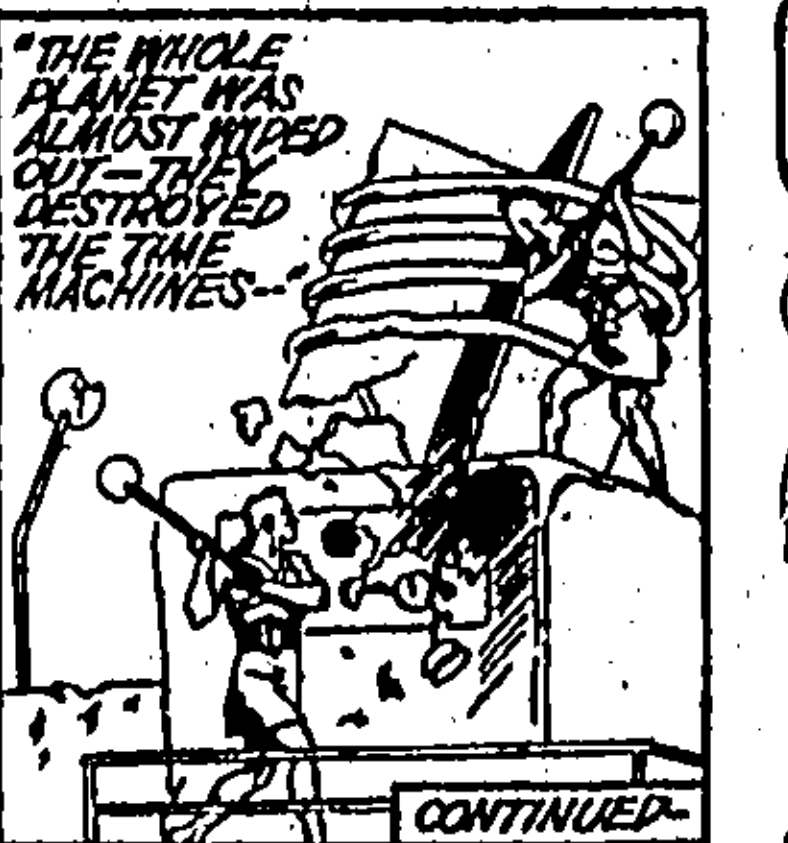
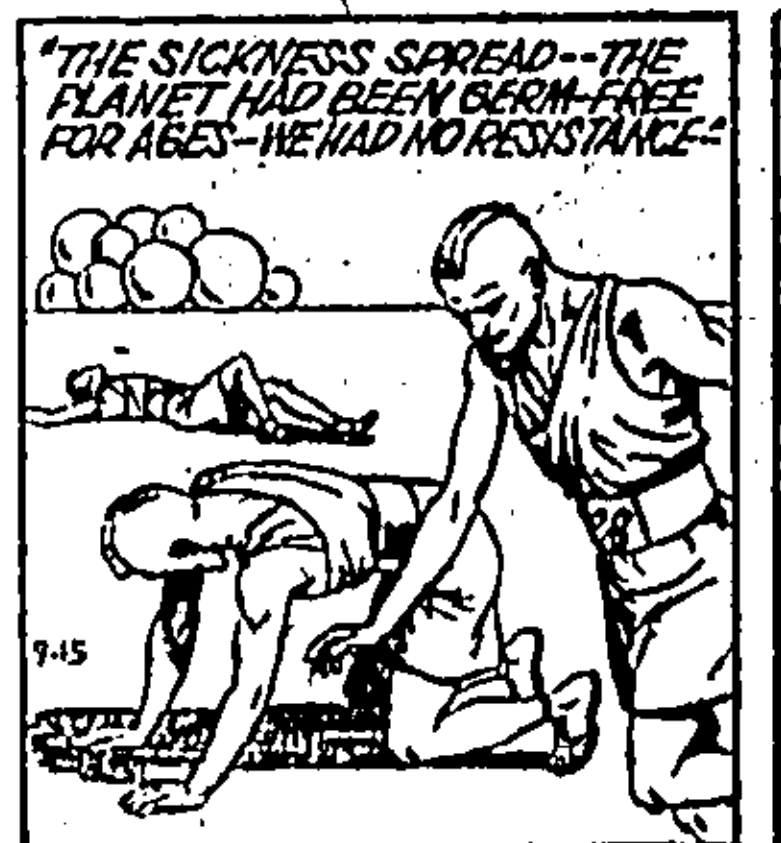
With assets of 100 million dollars A. V. Roe Canada is now among Britain's biggest overseas investments.

After the Algoma Steel deal it will be bigger still.

In full measure has Sir Roy Dobson demonstrated his Art of Success? And in three words he sums it up: "I like work."

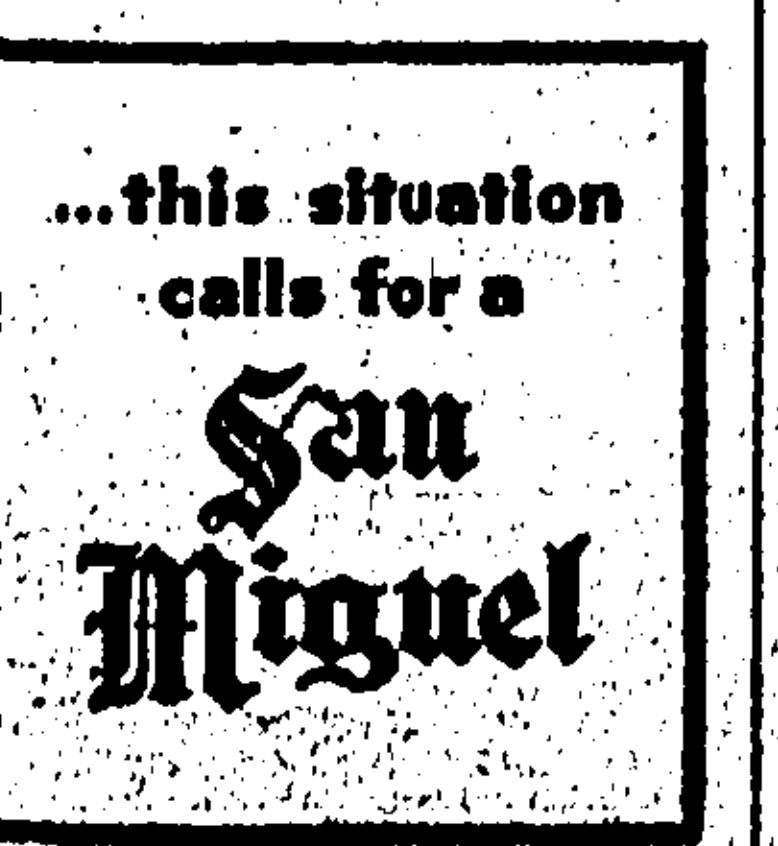
MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



JOHNNY HAZARD

By Frank Robbins



The most inspiring story of My Week...

by NANCY SPAIN



A CHILD in pain; a child dying. These are the two most terrible things in the world. Few people have escaped them. Indeed, faced by the inability to help a sick child we become children again ourselves. That is why THE STORY OF GABRIELLE (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) is so important.

It tells how Catherine Gabrielson, a mother with two children, Deirdre (eight) and Gabrielle (10), known as Gabby, first learned that Gabby would die of cancer.

And it tells how she and her daughter managed to make a life together until Gabby died.

High spirits

NOW, at first sight I am sure you will think this must be a sad story, a hopeless story. You are wrong. It isn't. I think it is a masterpiece.

I think every mother and father in the world who has ever faced sickness and pain beside their children will find "The Story of Gabrielle" a tremendous inspiration.

The book is written by Mrs Gabrielson as though to her daughter. "You were nine that summer," it begins. "You had abundant energy and an extraordinary capacity to savour each day as though it were your first or last."

Gabby was an enchanting nine-year-old, full of love and high spirits. She had great gifts, she wrote rather good poetry. Then one day she got sick and had a bad tummy-ache. A really bad tummy-ache. Suddenly she went and said, "No one in the world will be able to cure me of this. I will die of this pain."

The child was right. It was just before Christmas. She made all her family presents sitting up in bed. The pain continued, until it was so bad she had to be "hospitalised."

That was the night that Mrs Gabrielson dreamed that Gabby died. "How can you stand it?" said the people in her dream. "I have to stand it because I have two children," said the mother.

Her description of the life that now followed for mother and daughter in the hospital is simply the naked truth: uncomfortable, clinical, unsentimental, and unparaphrasing.

Why pain?

AFTER the first exploratory exploration when her worst fears were confirmed the mother asked why her daughter did not die right away, why should she have to suffer any more pain? But she realised eventually that this was wrong thinking.

"What I discovered later," she writes, "is that life, every minute of it, is beautiful and precious and exciting always, no matter what the condition of the body."

Gabby determined not to surrender herself to the "going-on" (her mother's phrase) inside her. And with her mother she watched the starlings, the lights of the airport, she read a favourite book - "Winged Pharaoh," by John Grant, with its marvellous message that no one need fear death, said her prayers.

"What prayers are best?" asked Gabby, and did not wait for an answer. "Not those of a man who is being killed and just prays because of that."

Then one day the summons came. "Whatever was going on," says the mother, "was such gentle, inevitable, peace, I felt ashamed for trying to interfere with it." Her funeral too was beautiful.

"But why am I telling you all this?" the mother asks her daughter. "You must have been there - as you never far away. Otherwise how would I have been able to walk away so flooded with the light of your strong and vibrant spirit, more able to live fully than ever before?"

Lovely book

A LAST word for romance. A lovely novel by one of my favourite writers, Martin Boyd, called OUTBREAK OF LOVE (John Murray, 12s. 6d.).

It is all about a comic, pathetic German musician called Wolffe who is married to Diana, a high-born lady. Wolffe has an awful lady-friend, a brass-haired person called Mrs Montaubain.

Mrs M. wants to live in High Society and she gets herself invited to a very grand ball. Alas, she gets drunk and insults Wolffe's wife.

Meanwhile, on the side, Diana is falling quietly and restrainedly in love with a charming little musician. So she had a tear for middle-aged love so often and so romantically ended unhappily.

But then the First World War starts, and Diana finds that she cannot desert her sad, foolish, talented, thoroughly ignoble little musician. So she had a tear for middle-aged love so often and so romantically ended unhappily.

Silvester faces a strict tempo boycott

I PREDICT a trek of strict tempo band leaders, metronomes in hand, to the gramophone recording studios. For there are signs that the pom-tiddy-pom music market will no longer be in the exclusive grip of that Prince of the Palais Victor Silvester.

By an agreement with the Rank Organisation to open dancing schools at Odeon and Gaumont Theatres all over Britain, the Keeper of the Sacred Beat has angered the little man of ballroom dancing - the local dance school teacher.

"Unfair competition," cries the little man as he sees his business slump. And prepares to boycott the records of Silvester in his studio.

Do not consider this a trifling threat. It is the dance teachers and their pupils who buy many of Silvester's record output.

Leading the trail of the maestro, who hope to fill the record gap left by the boycott is Phil Tate. He offers, in the strictest of strict tempos, Anniversary Waltz and Our Love Affair (Orlofe 78).

'Classical' Atwell

There were callouses on the tip of the brown fingers that held the cello and cream. The fingernails were cracked and split.

Pianist Winifred Atwell told me: "I am getting a little tired of the hard work of success. I'll give myself another year in the business and retire."

She looked at her bruised fingers and said: "If I don't ease up soon I'll be playing with my knuckles."

Winifred Atwell can retire in luxury. Her weekly earnings seldom fall below £2,000. Much of the big money she has made since she came to Britain from Trinidad just before the war has been wisely invested.

How would she spend her retirement? Mostly in her hair-



dressing salon ("we straighten out the crinkle in coloured girls' hair") or in her make-up business ("we make special creams and powder for coloured girls"). There would be an occasional concert - "classical stuff, you know. They want me to do classical concerts."

Which Miss Atwell considers a highly ironic state of affairs. So do I when I recall that she came to Britain to make her name as a classical pianist and only turned to boogie and rag-time when she was told there was no place in Britain for a coloured concert pianist.

Meanwhile her record output soars. Ready for issue next month is Jane Street and Space-ship Boogie (Decca 78). Despite the callouses, it bounces like a ping-pong ball.

Religion ban

Give a record a religious slant and more often than not the BBC slaps a broadcasting ban on it. And then for some inexplicable reason the recordings of it shoot up into the Hit Parade.

It happened to Malcolm Vaughan's St. Theresa of the Roses. That record reached third position in the Hit Parade.

Mr Vaughan's latest effort is a piece called Chapel of the Roses (HMV 78). It has a religious slant. And the singer is wondering if he will have the good fortune of hearing that the BBC is going to ban it.

I must disappoint him. The Keeper of Good Taste at Broadcasting House has told me: "This one we have passed."

How spiteful can the BBC get?

Paying the rent

The wages of song generally include a fashionable address. Glen Mason and Ronald Carroll, the two gay bachelor boys of the record business who share a flat in Shepherd's Bush,

are preparing to move house to one in Harley Street, W.1.

Mr Mason, who spends much of his time miming to the voices of other singers in the Jack Jackson TV record show, has put his own voice on record - Round and Round (Parlophone 78).

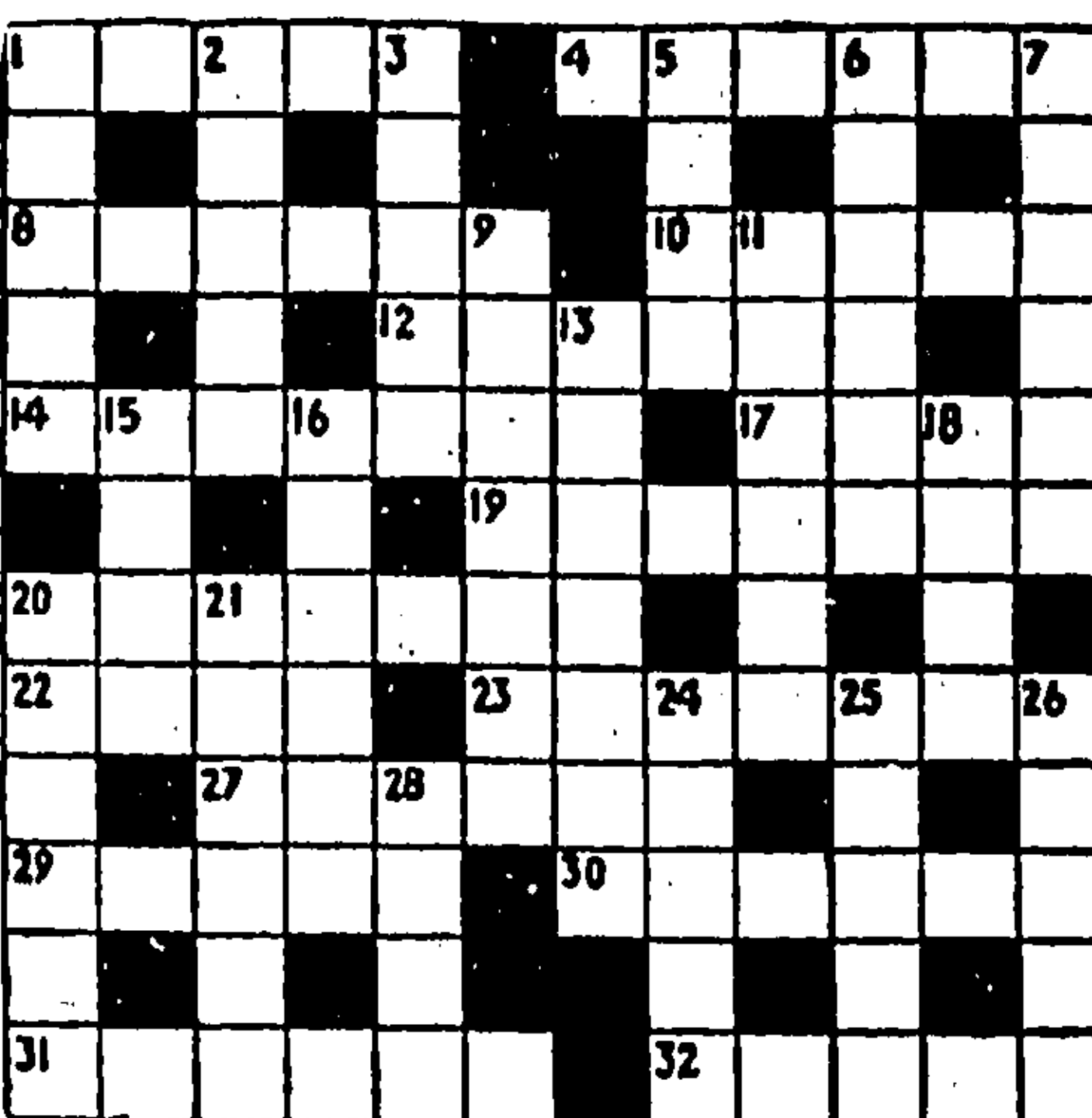
I reckon the income from this one should pay the first month's rent.

CLASSICAL

Earliest of all famous comic operas is Pergolesi's 'The Maid As Mistress' (La Serva Padrona). An Archive LP captures the authentic flavour, with merry banter singing by Marcello Cortis.

ARTHUR JACOBS
London Express Service.

A British Crossword Puzzle



ACROSS

- 1 Subject (5).
- 4 Druggies (6).
- 8 Part of the foot (6).
- 10 Fire-raising (6).
- 12 Amphitheatre (6).
- 14 Proposition (7).
- 17 Back of the neck (4).
- 19 Vest (7).
- 20 Scorn (7).
- 22 Medicinal plant (4).
- 23 Fruit course (7).
- 27 Grievous (6).
- 29 Australian bear (5).
- 30 Gift of money? (6).
- 31 Required (6).
- 32 Come in (5).

DOWN

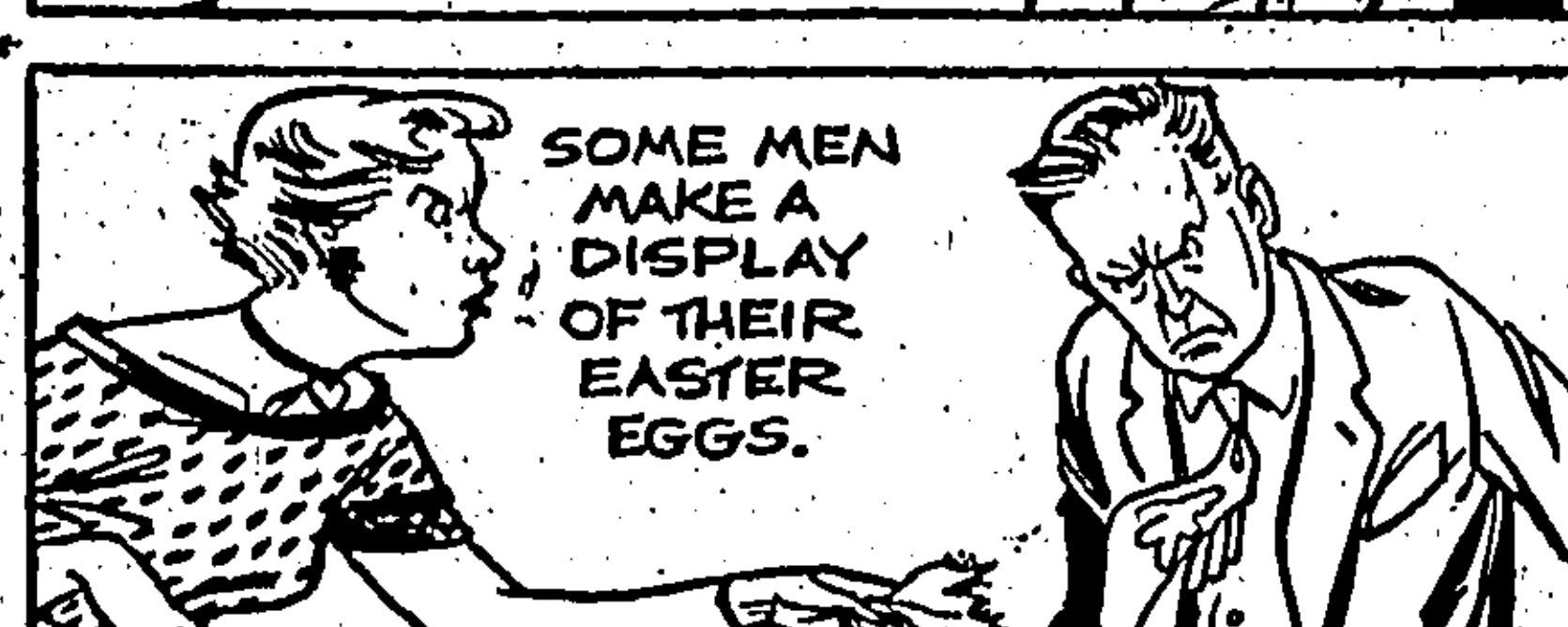
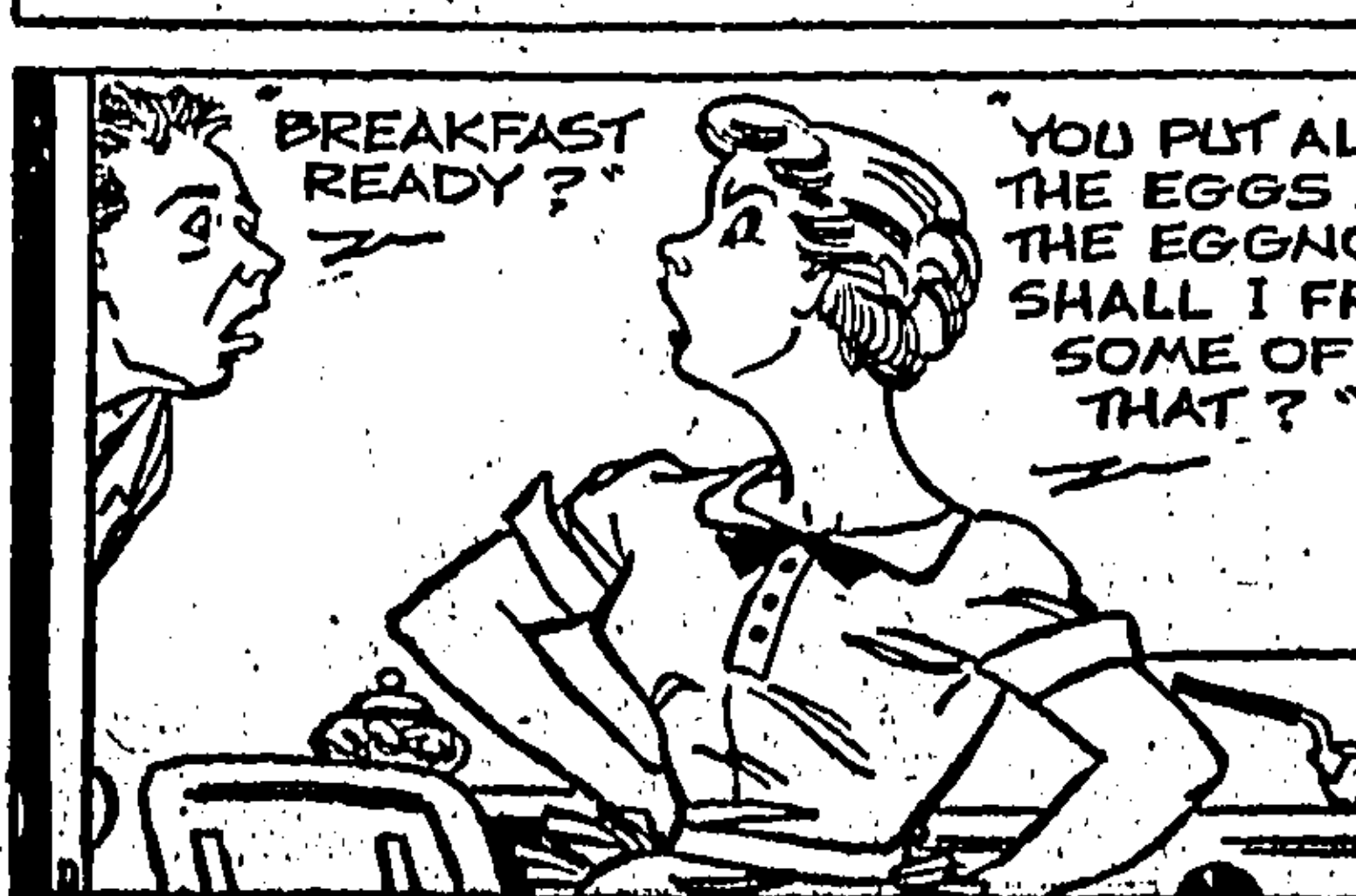
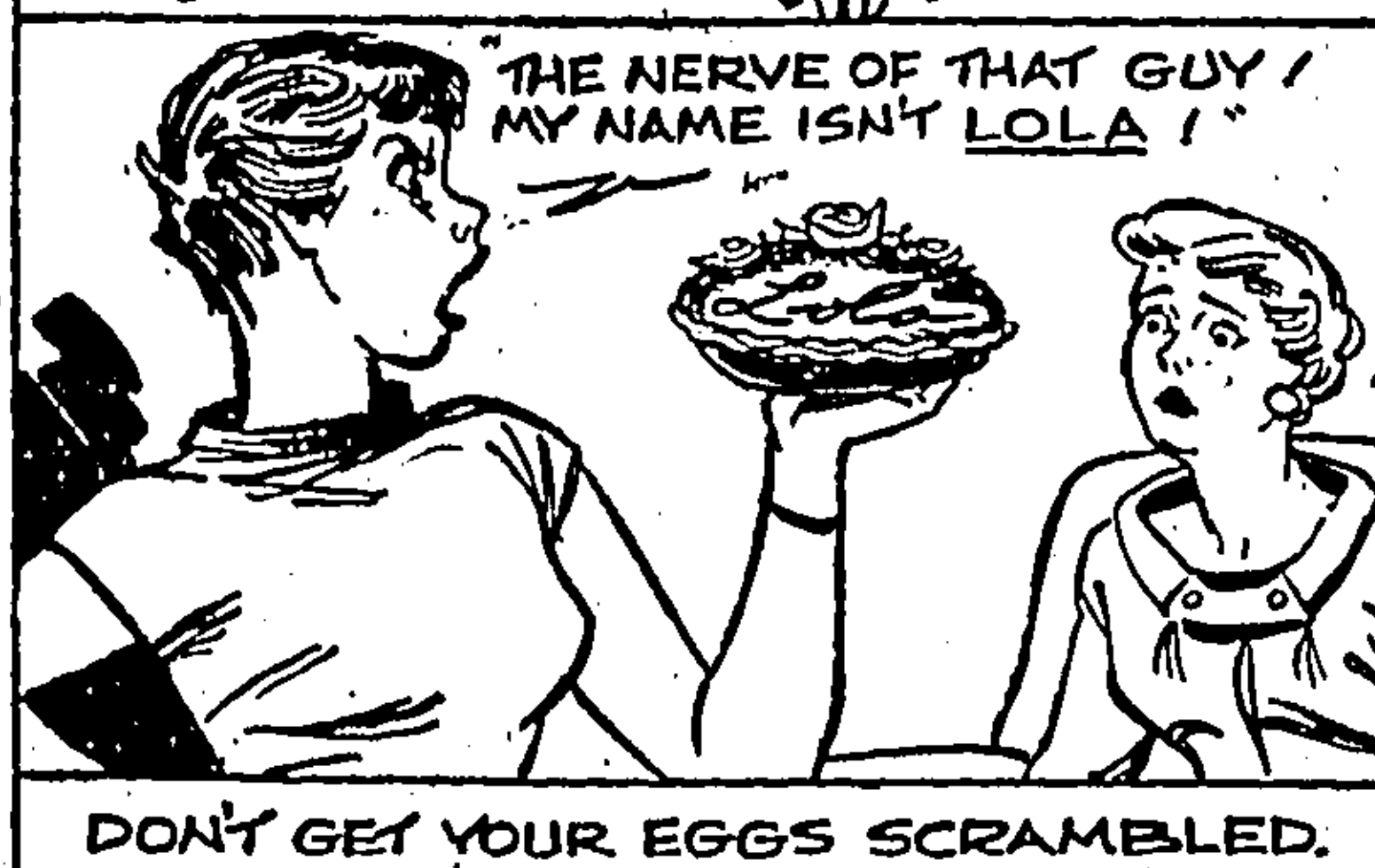
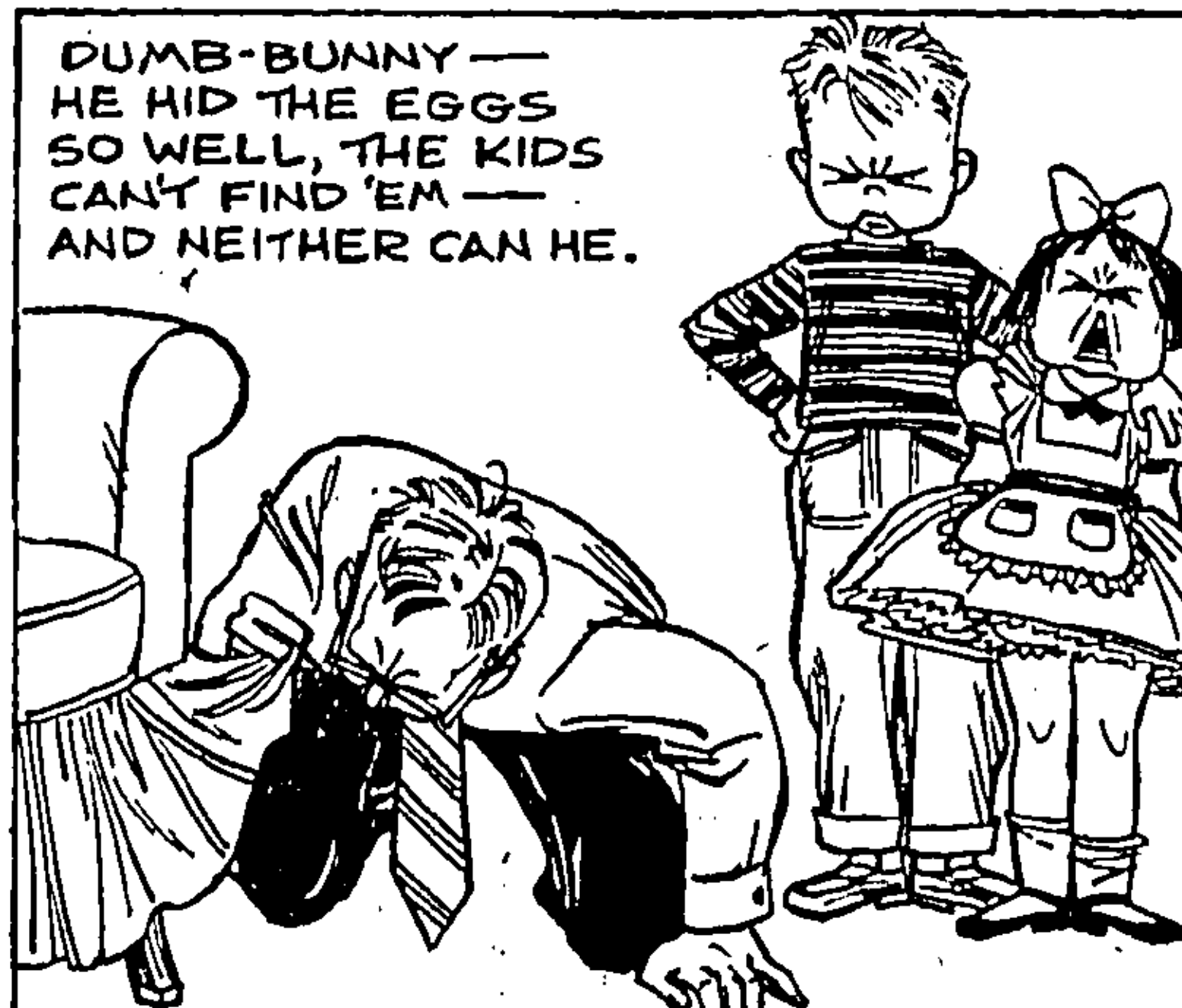
- 1 Twirl (5).
- 2 Imitation Jewels (5).
- 3 Lucid (5).
- 5 Spare (4).
- 6 Bondman (6).
- 7 Short poem (6).
- 9 Take the chair (7).
- 11 Wanders afield (6).
- 13 Famous (7).
- 15 Call (4).
- 16 Trial (6).
- 18 Fruit (4).
- 20 Make gloomy (6).
- 21 Console (6).
- 24 Condition (5).
- 25 Happening (5).
- 26 Teacher (5).
- 28 The game's up, chum (4).

FRIDAY'S CROSSWORD - Across: 3 Sparkled, 8 Tool, 9 Imitated, 11 Moderate, 13 Mete, 15 Maritime, 18 Essaying, 19 Best, 21 Superior, 25 Shepherd, 26 Seem, 27 Sunshade. Down: 1 Stem, 2 Goad, 4 Puma, 5 Rifle, 6 Lithic, 7 Dodge, 9 Irate, 10 Items, 12 Orate, 14 Tun-go, 16 Issue, 17 Eased, 19 Basis, 20 Sheen, 21 Shah, 22 Prod, 23 Idea, 24 Romp.

VIGNETTES OF LIFE

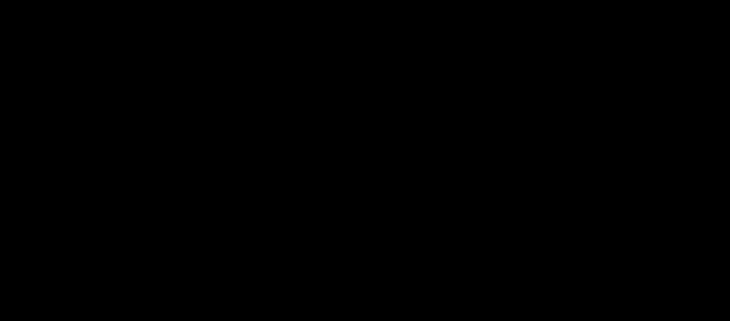
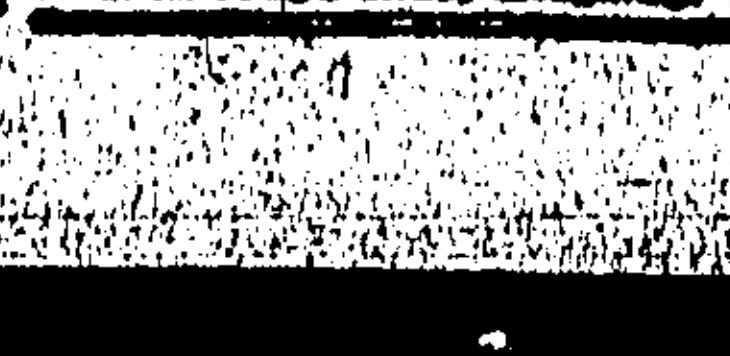
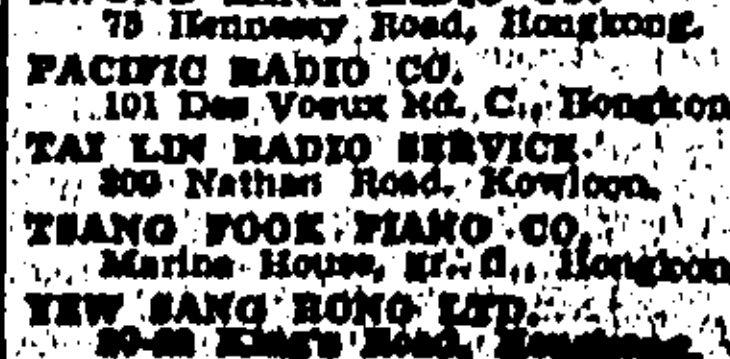
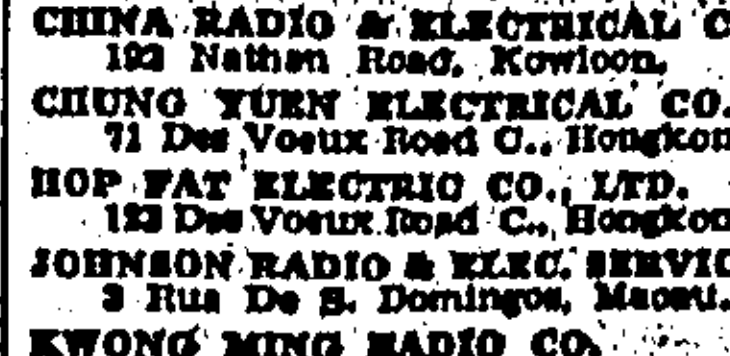
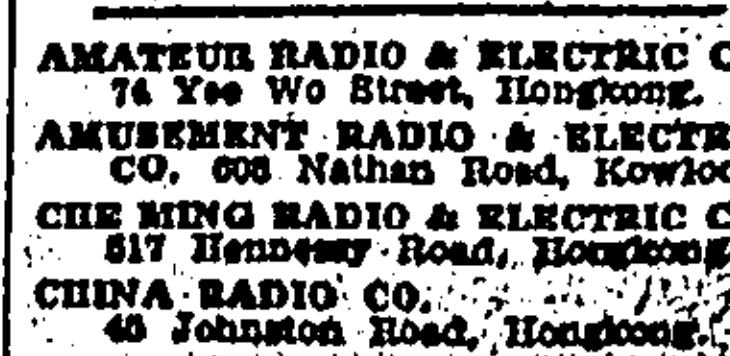
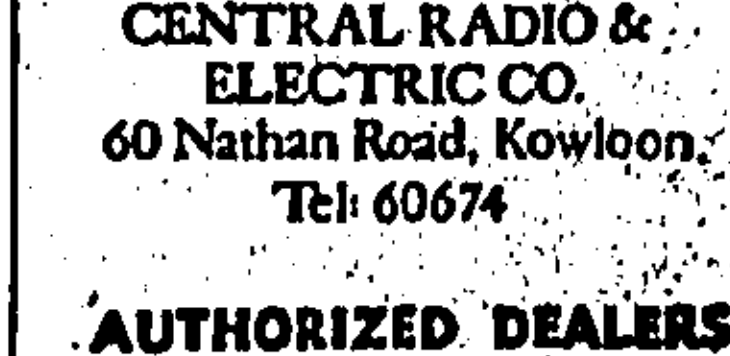
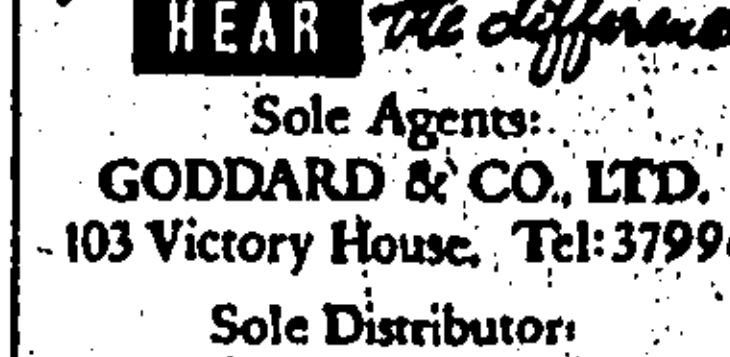
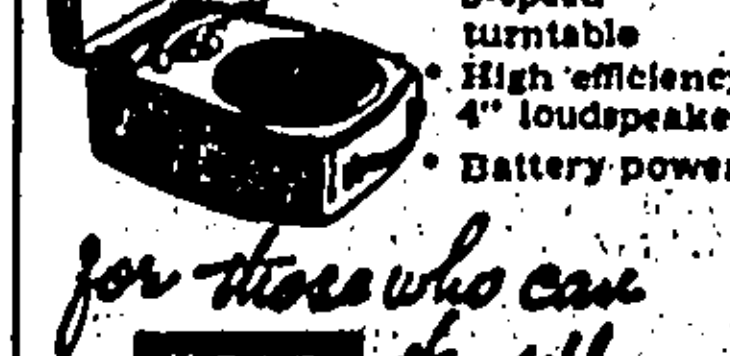
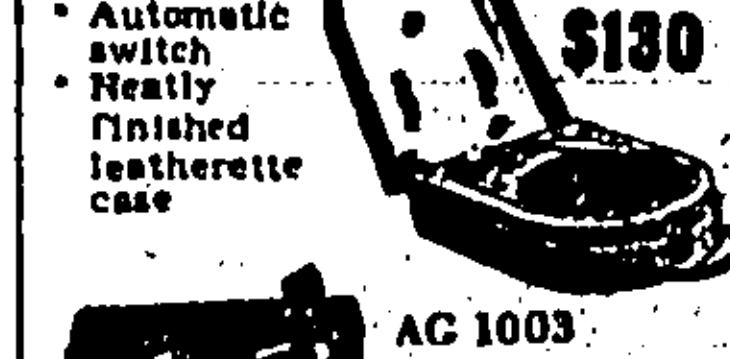
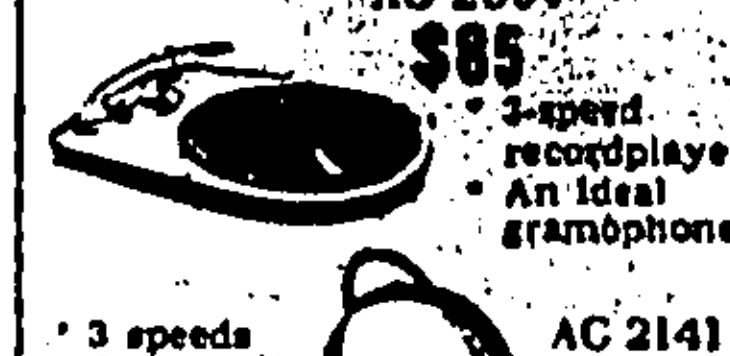
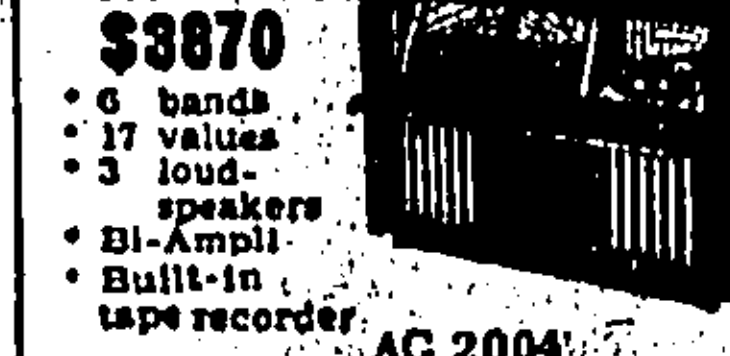
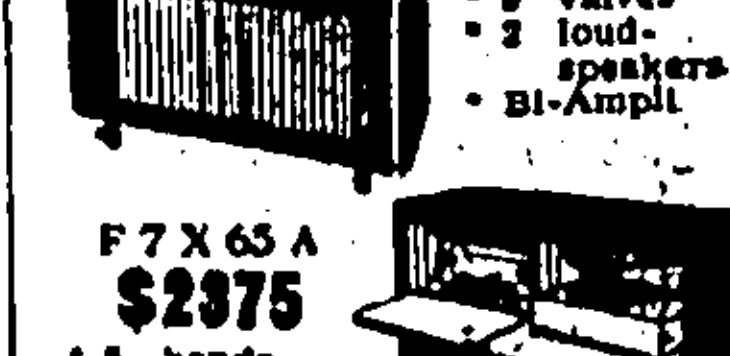
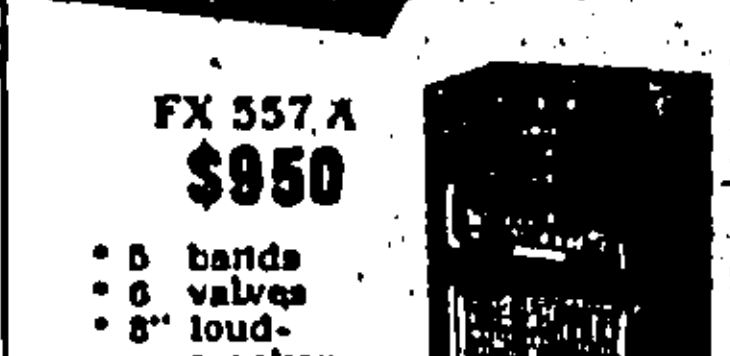
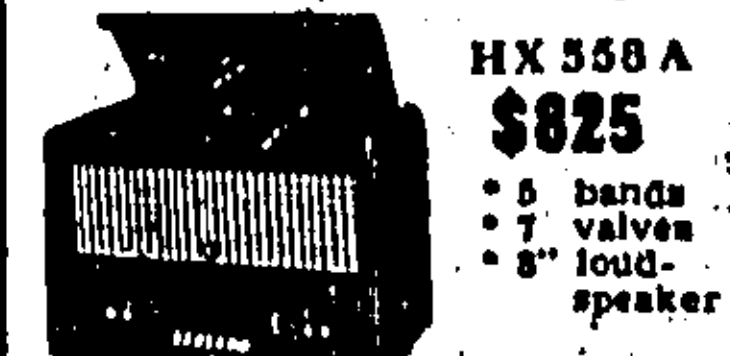
Easter Eggs

BY HARRY WEINERT



PHILIPS

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DROBNY IS THE CHIEF DANGER TO LEW HOAD AT BOURNEMOUTH

Says BRUCE HARRIS

Many representatives from Commonwealth and other countries are competing in the British Hard Court Lawn Tennis Championships at Bournemouth from April 29 to May 4. There will be fierce competition for the singles titles, now held by Budge Patty (USA) and Angela Mortimer (Great Britain), as well as for the doubles events.

Likeliest successor to Patty—who is not expected to defend his title—is Lew Hoad, Australian Champion of Wimbledon. Jaroslav Drobný, always dangerous on a hard court, appears to be his chief challenger. Drobný has beaten Hoad in the past, but Hoad will almost certainly be the favourite.

It may well be that our own players, Michael Davies, Billy Knight, Bobbie Wilson and Royce Bicker will offer a stronger challenge to Hoad than Drobný. There is some prospect that two of the European players, Davidson and Schmidt, will be challenging, too.

The two star Danish players, Nielsen—twice Wimbledon runner-up—and Ulrich have been invited, but it is not yet known whether they can compete.

There are, however, the South African Davis Cup players, Fancutt, Vermaak, Segal and Forbes, and the New Zealanders Robson, Parker and Gerrard.

Of the women players, Angela Mortimer will probably defend her title. Shirley Bloomer, Christine Truman, Sheila Armstrong and Ann Haydon will also play.

A newcomer is the New Zealand Woman Champion, Ruth Morrison, probably the first Maori woman to play first class tennis in England.

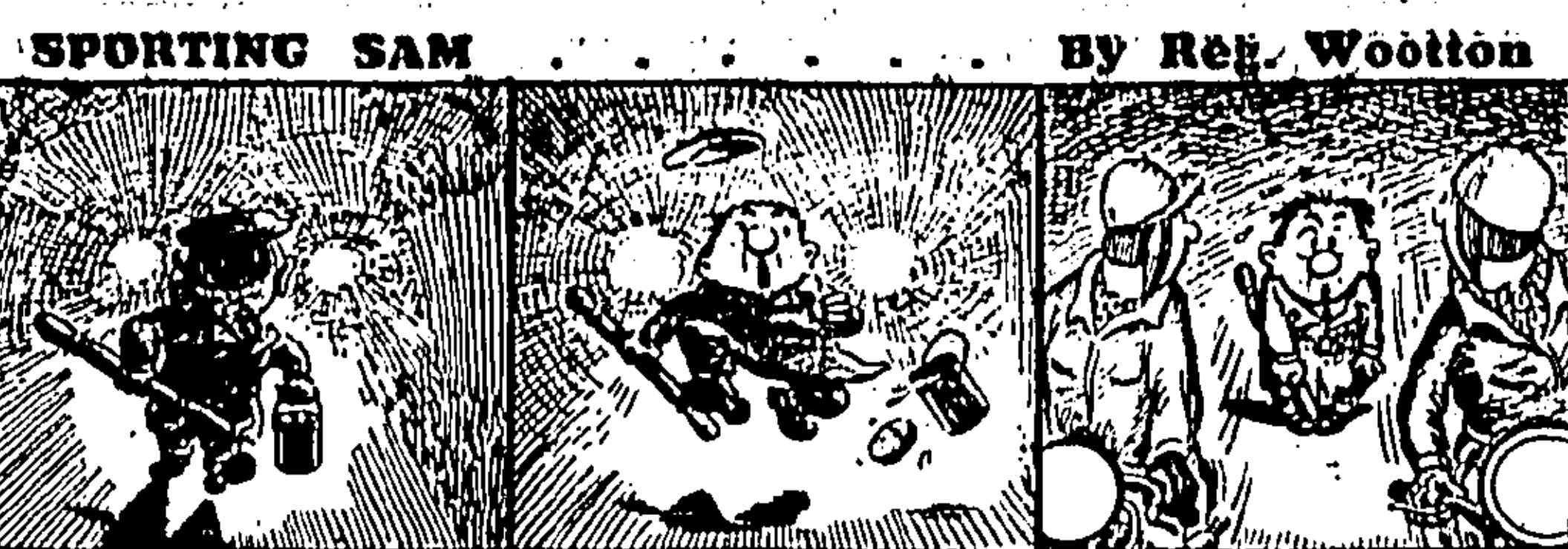
Darlene Hard, the American whose cheerful manner on court entertained Wimbledon, is another strong competitor. So is Mrs Brewer from Bermuda.

The Lawn Tennis Association are sending a number of British best juniors to Bournemouth in order to give them a chance of playing against these strong overseas competitors.

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Manchester v. Blackpool In 1948—The Greatest Of All Cup Finals

By JAMES CONNOLLY

When we who live in football talk of Cup Finals, conversation inevitably veers to the Manchester v. Blackpool classic of 1948—one of the greatest of them all—and the praises flow for that wonderful Manchester team.

How do the 1948 Giants compare with the 1957 Busby Boys? Could Johnny Carey's glamour team lick the slick eleven skippered by England's Roger Byrne?

Carey led a team of outstanding personalities, typical of the golden era of Soccer. Byrne has a well balanced, fighting side, tuned to the demands of modern streamlined football.

When United beat Blackpool in that Wembley epic, I described them as the team of the year. Looking back, I think they were perhaps greater than that.

They deserved all the praise lavished upon them. Yet, somehow, my fancy is for the young team who today chase that fantastic treble and the promise of soccer immortality.

They can become a name to link with the old Preston, Inglethorpe, the pre-war Huddersfield championship sides, and the Arsenal of the 1930s.

I honestly doubt whether even Manchester United will ever produce a combination richer in personalities than Carey's team. Carey himself was a classic full-back—casual, confident, inspiring, and so heart-breaking if you were up against him. A captain every manager dreams about.

PURIST IN ATTACK

There was pluck-sized wing-half Henry Cockburn, a purist in attack, with the pure gold of

natural ability underlining every move. He was none the less tough and relentless in the tackle.

Inside-forwards were Johnny Morris, schemer and potential match-winner, and Stan Pearson, often underrated but still one of the best men of his day.

There was class and thrust on the wings, too, with Jimmy Delaney and Charlie Mitten, while those inter-changeable between centre-forward Jack Rowley, of the terrific shot, and Delaney drove defences to utter confusion.

Oh yes, there was personality plus in that victorious Wembley team which marked the beginning of the Busby era.

Just consider the way of that victory. They were twice behind a star-studded Blackpool team that included Stanley Matthews, Harry Johnston and that mercurial genius Stanley Mortensen.

With 21 minutes to go they were beaten. Blackpool, leading 2-1, held the mastery. Then came one of those powerhouse finishes. United slammed in three in 16 minutes for the Cup.

The turning point came after what might have been a tragic slip. Alfie Chilton, having beaten Mortensen near the sideline, made the error of showing the ball to the Blackpool leader.

Morty dispossessed him and whipped in a terrific left foot drive that Jack Crompton did exceptionally well to hold. Crompton punted quickly up-field.

There was Anderson to trap the ball neatly and put Pearson through for the goal that made it 3-2. Seven minutes later Anderson himself scored with an incredible free kick from 30 yards.

There you had everything. A comeback against the odds and a glorious victory pattern that may never be matched at Wembley.

ALMOST A LEGEND

Yet for all that I still feel that this efficient 1957 Busby team, almost a legend, will go down as the greatest force in English soccer history.

I can't see any home team pipping United for the First Division Championship for years to come. They look just that good.

Maybe they don't have the same glamour, or the personalities, but they possess fantastic confidence and team spirit.

Nor are they lacking in great players. Roger Byrne is one of England's outstanding backs. A fine captain, he always knows what he is going to do with the ball before he gets it.

Duncan Edwards has an absolutely amazing physique, incredible energy, enthusiasm, and is richly endowed with natural ability.

What United in Britain does not envy United their wing-half-back combination of Edwards and Eddie Coleman.

Coleman, perky, stylish and position conscious, was praised as world class by Nandor Hidegkuti, the great Hungarian centre-forward.

The forward line is what managers always aim at. Five of them all wanting goals, and each likely to get a packet on his day. These boys grab half and even quarter chances.

I put the 64,000-dollar question to Matt Busby last week: "How do you think your present

team sizes up with the 1948 Cup winners?" I asked.

"How can I compare them, Jim?" he countered. "They both gave me a hundred per cent. For me they were both great teams. I am proud of them all."

Diplomatic, and the sort of all-embracing compliment you would expect from Matt. How could he compare two teams who have done him so proudly?

Chairman Harold Hardman, who won a Cup medal with Everton in 1900, was equally diplomatic. "I think that they were just above level on ability."

LESS GUARDED

Gentleman Johnny Carey, who shared so many of those Busby triumphs, was less guarded. "We had a fine team, but this current side has the better balance."

Master Stan Matthews, who has seen and played against them all, goes all the way with Carey and Connolly.

"That 1948 team was a combination of great personalities and individual stars. This 1957 team is a force with terrific fighting potential. They are confident and fit enough to tackle anyone."

There you have it. Fighting potential. To Busby and Manchester United, British soccer owes a tremendous debt. They have put us right bang on top in world opinion. They have proved their ability to match the skills of any team.

And in the days ahead when my son asks: "Did you see the great Manchester United team, Daddy?" I will answer: "Yes, sonny, I saw them both," and sit back happily conscious that justice has been done.

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SPORTS QUIZ

1. In Association Football how much of the ball must be over the line for a goal to be scored?

2. In Rugby Union must the ball be over the line when it is touched down, or can it be on it?

3. Whom did Maureen Connolly succeed as Wimbledon Singles Champion, Doris Hart, Louise Brough or Shirley Fry?

4. What are the surnames of these famous sporting brothers, Denis and Leslie, Joe and Fred, Hashim and Azam?

5. Add the same word to the following to make up three games: Association, Australian Rules, and Gaelic.

6. Who is the World Lightweight Boxing Champion?

7. The 1920 and 1930 men's singles title at Wimbledon was won by the same player. Was it Bill Tilden, Donald Budge, or Jean Borotra?

8. In which game would you come across a crown green?

9. Which sports take place at Cowdrey Park, Cowes and Henley?

10. Complete the names of these sporting events, Diamond, and Golden.

(Answers See Page 17)

SATURDAY SOCCER SPOT

SOCCER'S PET CONTROVERSY—THE OFFSIDE LAW—PROVIDES AN INTEREST POINT

By I. M. MacTAVISH

May I start my column this week with a straightforward question? When is a player considered to be offside?

I am sure that within certain reasonable limits every football fan feels in his bones that, even if he cannot answer the question in text-book language, he has, in practice at least, an understanding of the rules.

The offside law has long been a controversial subject beloved of soccer examiners, quizmasters, sportswriters, and of course the fans who fill the stadiums. If one wants to start a good healthy argument with football as the subject then there is hardly a better topic than this one of offside.

Although I may have suggested in an earlier article that the matter now under discussion began during the interwar period, it did in fact start in the recent match between Club and Army.

I have since had an opportunity of discussing it in friendly fashion with the referee who had charge of the game, and I say "friendly" in spite of the fact that at the time I thought he was wrong and I am still firmly convinced he was.

It all happened like this.

The Army staged an attack on the Club goal and were awarded a free kick. The ball was cleared out of the area and the defenders advanced away from their goal.

Bradley, the soldiers' centre-forward was slow to follow and he was very clearly left in an offside position.

Another Army player got possession of the ball out on the right wing and lobbed it towards the Club goal. At that moment Bradley was yards clear of the Club defenders and located a few yards from the goalkeeper.

There is not the slightest doubt that he was offside and the referee admits that it was so. But the whistle did not blow. In its flight the ball, after travelling quite a distance, struck a Club defender who was deflected to Bradley who still had not shifted his position. The Army centre-forward banged it into the net.

The Club players were most indignant when the goal was allowed to stand. I am firmly on their side. There was adequate time for an offside decision to be given against Bradley who was clearly infringing the rule when THE BALL WAS LAST PLAYED BY A MEMBER OF HIS OWN SIDE.

The referee told me that he applied the advantage rule because the ball struck a Club defender before reaching Bradley. . . . and I can only say now, as I did to the referee, that far from being an "advantage rule" this was surely a perfect example of a "disadvantage rule."

The whole spirit of the advantage rule is intended to serve the ends of justice as far as an offside is concerned. . . . but here we had it being applied to the benefit of the offenders. . . . and to my mind that makes a mockery of the whole idea.

I know only too well that the referee was played-on experts will try to justify the award on those grounds, but I don't believe it would hold water for a moment. . . . because, if the referee had given his original decision promptly, the "play-on" feature would never have arisen. . . . and if you examine the situation closely you will see that it is far-reaching.

It raises a completely new conception of forward play for it means that it would be permissible for a forward to place himself deliberately in an offside position in the hope that the ball would strike an opponent and come on to him. . . . and that during the waiting period he would not be penalised.

It simply does not make football sense either in law or in spirit and I join with the Club players who feel that they were harshly treated at a vital stage of the game. . . . and how does this tie up with the interwar game?

Well it's like this. Here we had another incident almost. . . . but not quite. . . . similar to the one I have described above. Again a player in an offside position got the ball after it had struck an opponent, and he was allowed to go. . . . only on this occasion he did not score.

This time I thought the referee was right in deciding in favour of the forward. . . . for there was nothing deliberate about his position. He reached it in a short, sharp attack on the goal. The movement that resulted in his being played on took place in a split second and the whole incident of play covered a much smaller area. . . . in fact the whole thing happened so quickly that I do not believe the referee could have been humanly expected to intersperse a decision between the start and the finish of the movement.

The purists, of course, will say that whatever the circumstances no should have been declared offside if he was infringing the rule when the ball was last played by one of his own players. . . . and I must confess that, on the basis of my own argument, I should agree.

Nevertheless circumstances and common sense must be applied and I feel the referee showed admirable judgment. The offender in this case was a victim of circumstances over which he had no control. . . . In Bradley's case, however, there was no doubt that he could have placed himself outside if he had tried. . . . and there was of course adequate time for the referee to have given a decision long before a defender played the ball. . . .

In a lecture to fellow referees in the Colony some time ago a well known whistler told them that in nine cases out of ten he personally regarded the "played-on" decision—except when the ball was played forward by a goalkeeper or desperate last line defender—to be a sign of weakness, indecision, and lack of vigilance on the part of the officials involved.

Anyhow surely the basic wording of the offside law concerning when the ball was last played by a teammate. . . . and that of the "played-on" section are the biggest single contradiction in football.

CONTRAST IN REACTIONS

I sat out part of the Memorial Cup game between the Hong Kong Chinese and the Combined Services with one of the personalities in our sporting affairs, and I sat out the rest of it with one of our leading referees.

In view of the strange things that were happening on the field these two provided a most interesting contrast in reactions. . . . particularly as far as the actions of the officiating referee—who had a shocking game—was concerned.

My first companion was quite open in expressing what he thought of the whole affair. As I was in general agreement with much of his criticism, we had plenty to talk about. . . . and quite honestly only the most able soccerists could have treated the circumstances any differently.

Now the reason I raise this matter is that I would like to pay tribute to the whistler who joined me later, for in spite of a sequence of simply fantastic half decisions by the referee, not a single word of adverse comment came from the man on the seat next to me.

I make no bones about the fact that I did not try to mask my disagreement with the man in the middle but apart from a few shakes of the head, a knowing nod, or a few "huh"s

committal remarks, no criticism came from the man next to me.

I must confess I find much to admire in such loyalty by one referee to another, particularly as it was shown during a game which provided a long string of controversial incidents as far as some of the decisions were concerned.

This is a standard of ethics which could be followed with advantage by others in our football sphere who see no wrong in their own work and little right in the efforts of others.

SURPRISED

I make no apology, and certainly offer no excuse, for returning finally to my comments earlier this week on the field conduct of the Army footballers in the game against Kitchener. It was something I had hoped to forget as one does in the case of a particularly unpalatable dose of medicine. . . . but I have been surprised at the number of people who have taken the trouble to contact me and express their wholehearted agreement with the remarks I made.

They are folks who believe, as I do, that football is a man's game. That it should be played from heart and scrupulously fair is the ideal, and most of our enthusiasts want to see it played just that way.

What seems to be causing the bitter disappointment now is that the Army—who for so long have stood for all that is best in football—should now emerge as transgressors.

My own high regard for Army football makes the situation all the more unsatisfactory as far as I am concerned, but the fact that my opinion is endorsed by men of high standing in the world of sport is a adequate justification for the disapproval I have expressed. . . . I hope, for the last time!

HOME SOCCER FIXTURES

Following are the Home soccer fixtures for today:

First Division

Aston Villa v Luton
Birmingham v Bolton
Tottenham v Blackpool

Second Division

Leyton v Notts County
Lincoln v Barnsley
Liverpool v West Ham
Port Vale v Nottingham
Sheffield U. v Notts Forest

Third Division (South)

Aldershot v Coventry
Bournemouth v Walsingham
Brentford v Norwich
Brighton v Gillingham
Ipswich v Southend
Millwall v Exeter
Sheff Wed v Colchester
Torquay v Queens Park
Walsall v Crystal Palace
Watford v Southampton

Third Division (North)

Bradford v Hartlepool
Crewe v Mansfield
Doncaster v Grimsby
Derby v Southport
Gateshead v Chester
Hull v Accrington
Hull v Carlisle
Rochdale v York
Sheff Wed v Grimsby
Wrexham v Accrington
Wrexham v Chesterfield

Scottish League "A"

Aberdeen v Dundee
Celtic v Dundee
Dundee v St. Johnstone
Falkirk v Motherwell
Hibernian v Aberdeen
Kilmarnock v Queen's Park
Partick v Rangers
Queen's Park v Rangers

Scottish League "B"

Alloa v Alloa
Cowdenbeath v Alloa
Dumfries v Alloa
Forfar v Alloa
Hamilton v Alloa
Morton v Alloa
St. Johnstone v Alloa
Third Lanark v Alloa

Scottish League "C"

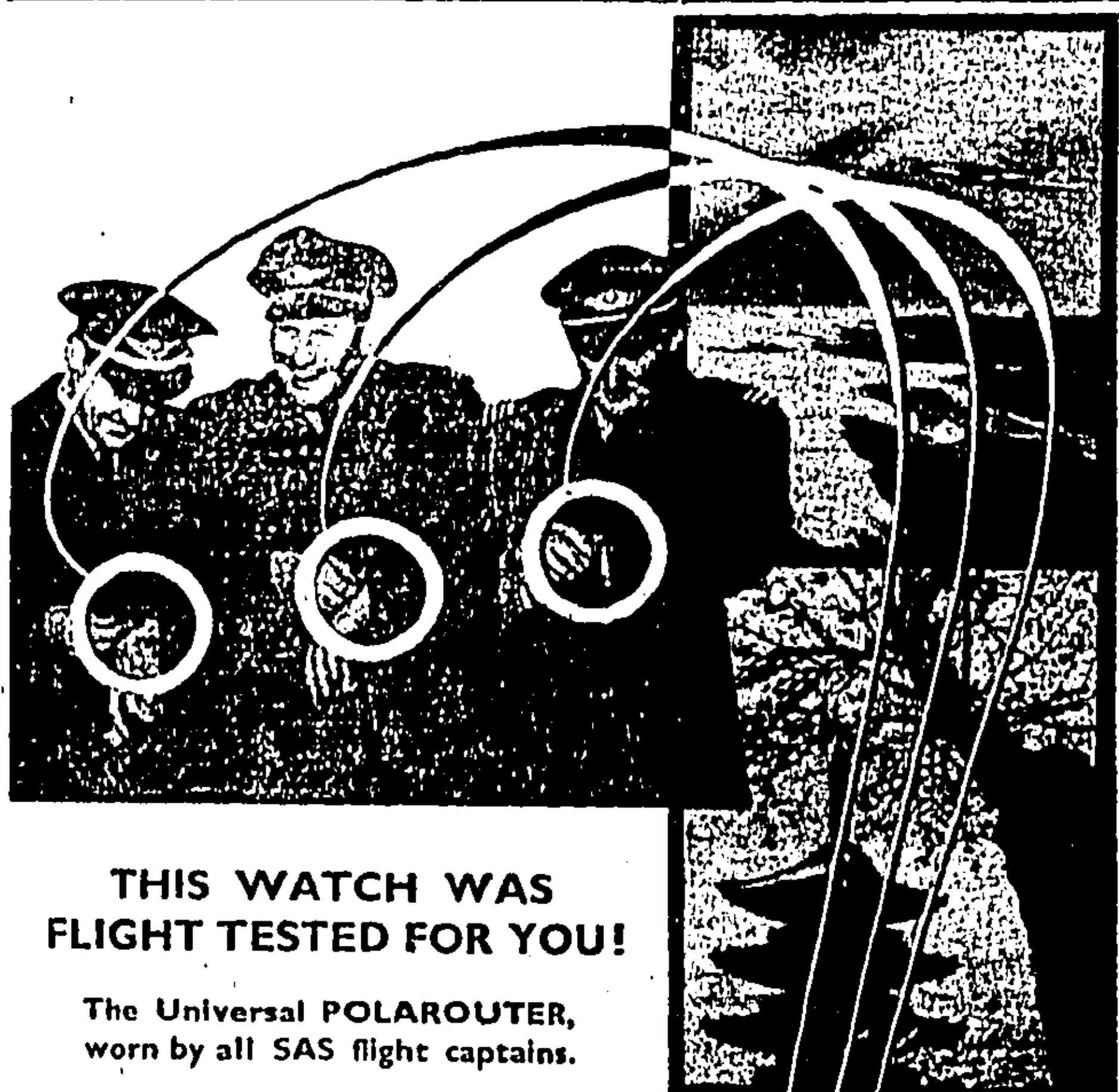
Alloa v Alloa
Cowdenbeath v Alloa
Dumfries v Alloa
Forfar v Alloa
Hamilton v Alloa
Morton v Alloa
St. Johnstone v Alloa
Third Lanark v Alloa

Scottish League "D"

Alloa v Alloa
Cowdenbeath v Alloa
Dumfries v Alloa
Forfar v Alloa
Hamilton v Alloa
Morton v Alloa
St. Johnstone v Alloa
Third Lanark v Alloa

Scottish League "E"

Alloa v Alloa
Cowdenbeath v Alloa
Dumfries v Alloa
Forfar v Alloa
Hamilton v Alloa
Morton v Alloa
St. Johnstone v Alloa
Third Lanark v Alloa



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1954 The world's first commercial Polar air service was pioneered by S.A.S. and opened in Nov. 1954, linking Europe and the U.S. West Coast via Greenland.

1957 The first commercial air service to cross the North Pole will be opened by S.A.S. in 1957, linking Europe and the Far East. With one stop in Alaska, this second route in the S.A.S. Polar System will cut travel time from the present 52 hours via India to 30 hours. S.A.S. will use the new DC-7C on the North Pole route—fastest plane today.

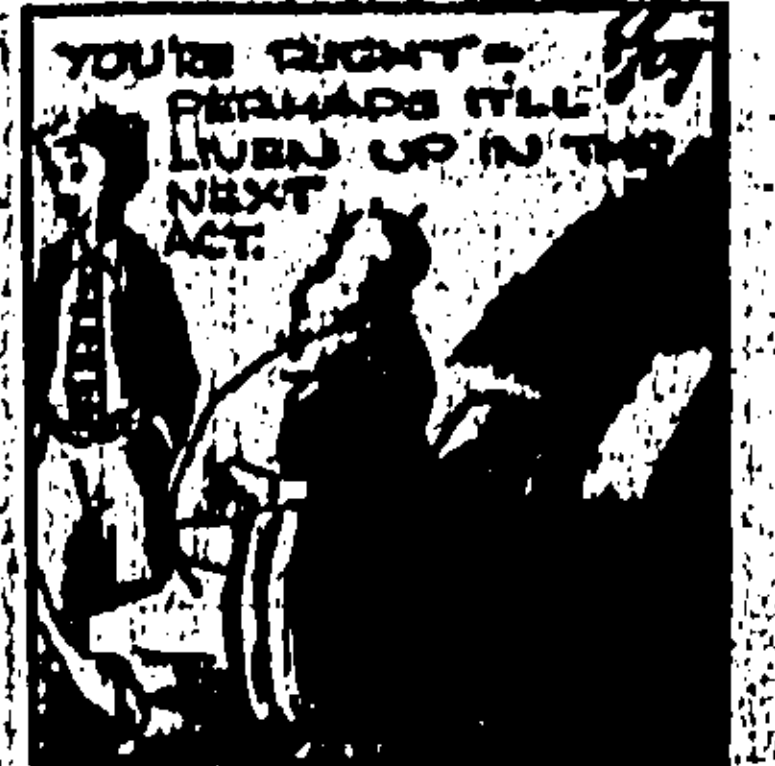
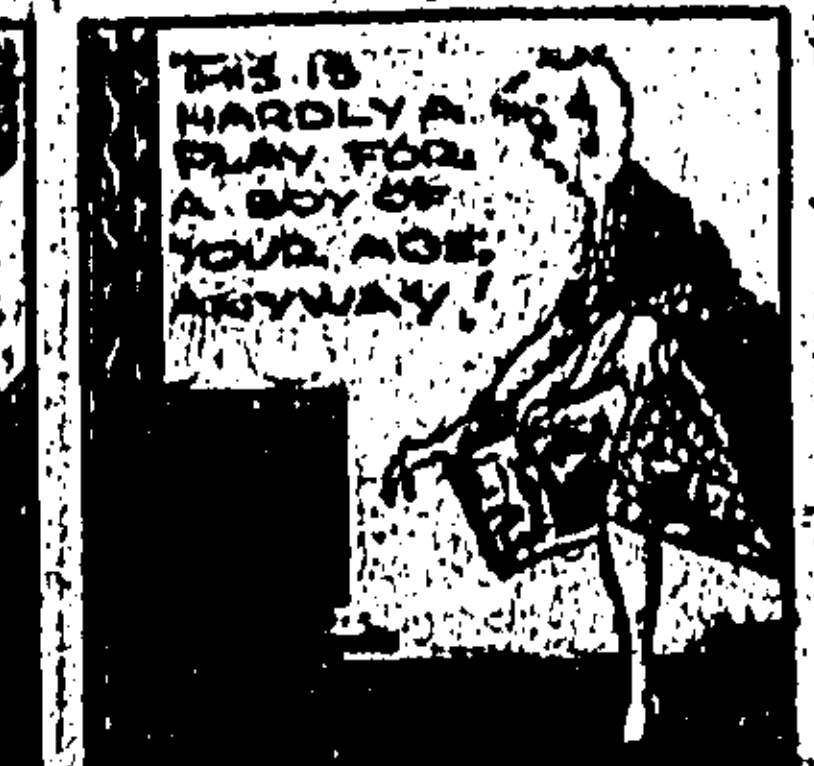
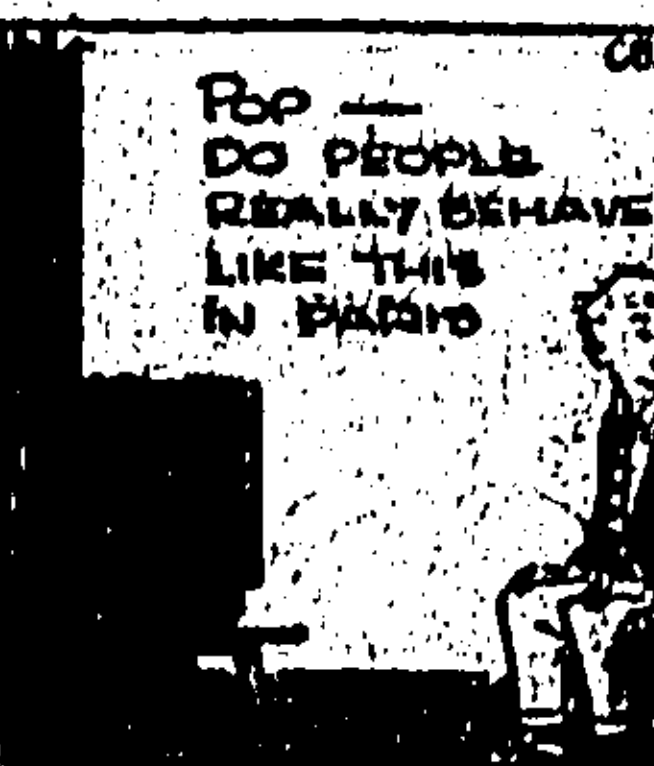
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I put the 64,000-dollar question to Matt Busby last week: "How do you think your present

Global protected. The "POLAROUTER" has Universal Geneva's celebrated automatic movement shock resistant, anti-magnetic and highly accurate.

POP



Nominate YOUR Hongkong Footballer Of The Year

Members of the public are invited to nominate Hongkong's Footballer of the Year for the current season.

It is a popularity poll organised by the China Mail, and nomination coupons will be accepted until the closing date to be announced later.

The two qualifications for nomination are:

- (1) Footballing prowess
- (2) Sportsmanship on the field of play

Nominations should be addressed to the Editor, China Mail, Wyndham Street.

To the Editor, China Mail,

My nomination for Hongkong's Footballer of the Year, taking into regard his playing ability and his sportsmanship on the field of play is

of the Club.

(Signed)

WEEK-END SOFTBALL

Austers And Cheyennes Battle Out Junior KO Title This Afternoon

By "TIME OUT"

The Junior circuit has exclusive use of the field at King's Park this afternoon with two knockout finals and the replay of a protested game down for decision today. The curtain raiser will see Dave Cooper's Austers and Robert Remedios' Cheyennes battling it out for the title.

The Austers, a group of servicemen stationed in the New Territories, are keen as mustard and have the potential of a good ball team. Unfortunately for them, they have never had the benefit of a first class coach and have had to be satisfied with a back seat ever since they took up the game.

The Cheyennes have already beaten them twice in League encounters but are trying for a hat-trick, while the Austers will be striving for at least one honour.

NEVER-SAY-DIE

What the Austers may lack in the finer points of the game is more than compensated for by their keenness and never-say-die attitude. It augurs well for the future of the sport to have teams with such a refreshing outlook on the game.

Whether or not they will succeed in beating the Cheyennes is a matter for conjecture as their more experienced loss have been playing consistent ball throughout the season.

Manager Robert Remedios of the Cheyennes, who is also the Junior League's Batting Champion, is confident that his boys will account for the soldiers without too much difficulty—but Dave Cooper might not subscribe to this view. The Austers complete their League schedule when they replay a protested game against the War Eagles.

Affording some light relief immediately after this, the intellectuals from the Hong Kong University take on the Cheyennes in the Ladies KO final. Manager-cum-coach Robert Remedios of the Cheyennes

is aiming for the double and will probably carry it off. His team is made up mostly of ex-Colleagues who participated in the League two seasons ago. The University girls have had very little playing experience and are not expected to offer too much opposition.

Old crock Bill Silva recently had the honour of piloting a Portuguese squad to a fine victory in the Mori's International final. He has no intention of resting on his laurels and is eagerly anticipating a repeat performance when he takes charge of the Portuguese ladies tomorrow afternoon in the Ladies' International final against China.

The Chinese side, comprised mainly of players from the champion South China team plus a sprinkling of Overseas and the redoubtable Amy Cheng of the Pandas, had the full measure of a rookie Portugal nine in a previous meeting.

Silva is making a strenuous effort to round up a few of the veterans to augment his side which will be composed mostly of the Cheyennes and, given a bit of luck, the Portuguese girls will turn out a mixed nine of old-timers and rookies. This might be just the combination needed to help him turn the tables on the China side.

It is now reminded that the Senior "A" playoff for the Championship takes place tomorrow at 4.00 p.m.

Sports Diary

TODAY

1st Division: Club v CAA (Club), South China v IAAF (Club), Eastern v Navy (Navy), Kowloon v St Joseph's (SS) all matches at 5 p.m.
Reserve Division: Club v CAA (Club), South China v IAAF (Club) at 3.30 p.m.
2nd Division: Jardine v Dockyard (Navy) 3.30 p.m.; Tai Po v IAAF (Navy) 3.30 p.m.; Prisons v Tramways (Stanley) 5 p.m.; REMC v RAMC (IV) 5.30 p.m.; Soldiers v Gymnasium (IV) 5 p.m.; CMD v B & S (IV) 5 p.m.
3rd Division: IAA v Dodwell (IV) 3.30 p.m.; Rediffusion v S & S Turner (IV) 3.30 p.m.; Hollandia v APS (IV) 5 p.m.
Taca Lusitania Bowls match between Recreio and KBOC (Recreio) 3.30 p.m.
Crickets
Rest of Colony v Colony Interport XI at Sookungpo, 1.30 p.m.

"SUGAR RAY" MAKES NO PREDICTION

By GENE BLUNDEAU

Chicago.

Sugar Ray Robinson, who has never lost a fight in four tries as a championship challenger, said today he hoped to run to form and recapture the middleweight title from Gene Fullmer in their 15-round May 1 match at the Chicago Stadium.

The dapper ex-king of the middleweight and welterweight divisions declined to predict the outcome of the fight. But he said he wasn't thinking of retiring.

"I'll cross that bridge when I come to it," he said. Robinson said he had no special plan of attack against Fullmer. "It all depends on what Fullmer does," he said.

As for their January 2 fight in which the 25-year-old Fullmer took the title in a 15-round unanimous decision at Madison Square Garden, Robinson said he has "no squawk and no alibi."

ROUGH, NOT DIRTY

"Gene fought rough, but not dirty, just the way I expected." Asked if Fullmer's rushing style caught him by surprise, Robinson said, "The only surprise I got

was that he won." Robinson hastily added that he meant no criticism against the judges.

"I just fought a lousy fight. I didn't get tired and didn't really fight enough to draw a deep breath. Whatever it was that was wrong with me last time won't be the next time," he said. Despite his 35 years, Robinson said he has a few things going for him.

"I know a little more about him this time, and I have never been beaten by the same man twice," he said.

Robinson, a study in varying shades of brown, wore matching cufflinks and tiepin of a gold cupid with boxing gloves.

Fullmer said he plans to handle Robinson with the same rushing style he used to win the title.

"If he changes his style, I'll change mine. I've heard it said that I can't change, but I can," he said.

The fighters signed contracts assuring each of 30 per cent of the net gate plus the same percentage of the \$100,000 paid by the television sponsors—United Press.

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. All of it.
2. It may be on the line.
3. Doris Hart.
4. Compton, Davis, Khan.
5. Association football, Australian Rules football and Gaelic football.
6. Archie Moore.
7. Bill Tilden.
8. Polo, yachting, rowing.
9. Diamond Sculls, Golden Gloves.

Now The Soccer Clubs Must Help The Fans

Says STANLEY MATTHEWS

The end of crippling entertainment tax on football was wonderful news for professional clubs. My only hope is that the fans don't start clamouring for immediate reductions in gate charges.

But, make no mistake, they should get full value for this tax remission.

For years now many clubs have drawn up ambitious plans for ground improvements.

They knew they had no hope of going ahead unless they got a windfall.

Perhaps this is it. If the fans don't see their favourite teams at cheaper rates, they should certainly see them in greater comfort.

The tax burden meant that most clubs were struggling to keep going. With this worry off their minds they should be able to do something about better facilities for the crowds.

SOLO TOUR

When this season is over I leave next month on one of the most comprehensive solo tours I have yet undertaken.

I will be away for roughly six weeks, playing in Ghana, South Africa, Rhodesia, and possibly Nigeria.

People often ask me whether it is wise for me to make these summer trips. I think it is.

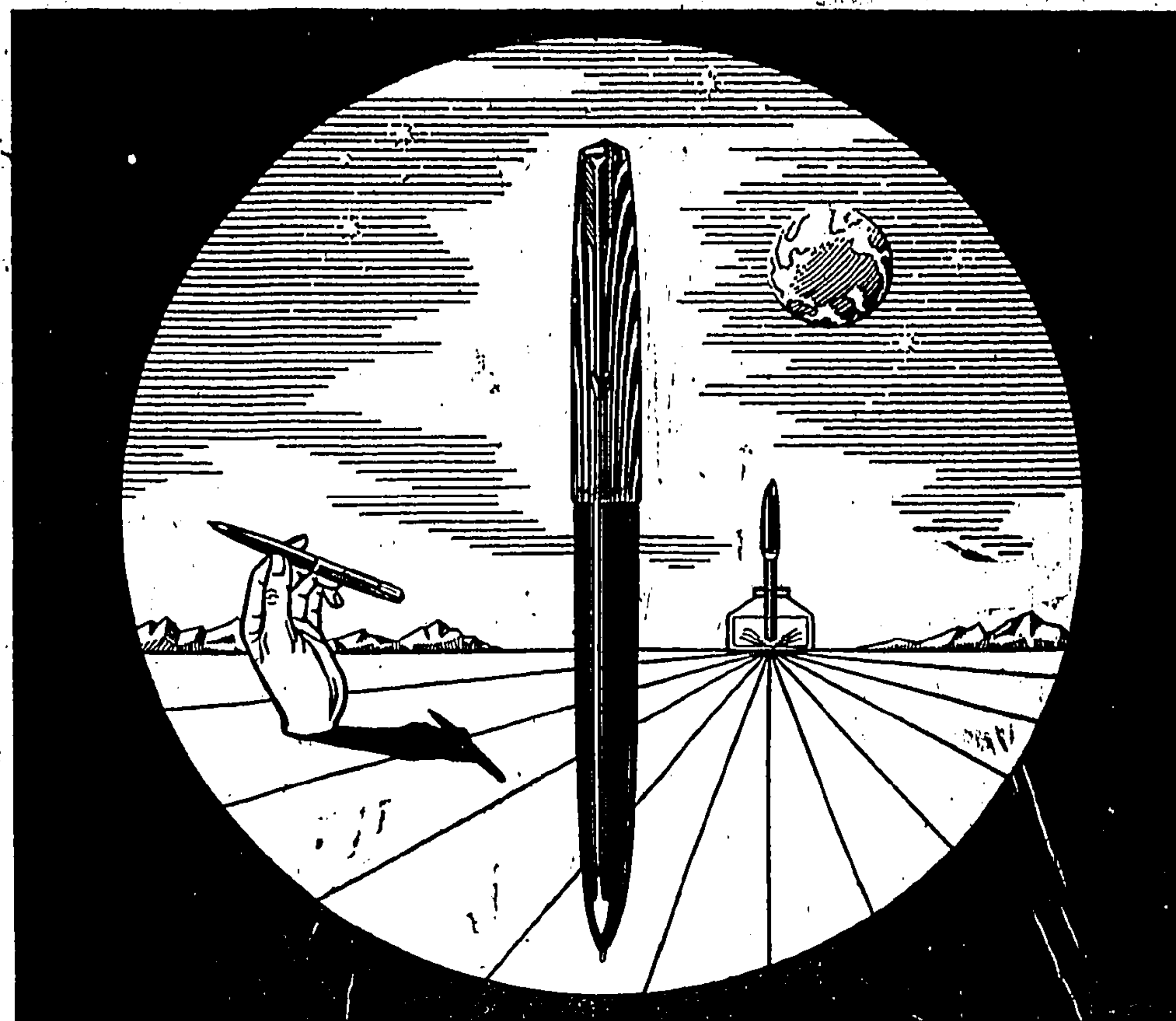
These exhibition games aren't played at the same competitive tempo of English League or Cup matches, and, candidly, I enjoy them.

You would be amazed at the football skill and knowledge of some of the barefoot native footballers in Africa.

They are crazy about the game, and can outlast the records of most British clubs and players.

My two Blackpool colleagues, wing-half Peter Hauser (from Johannesburg) and inside-forward Brian Peterson (from Durban) will be in South Africa on holiday. I hope I have the chance to play in a match with them.

—(London Express Service).
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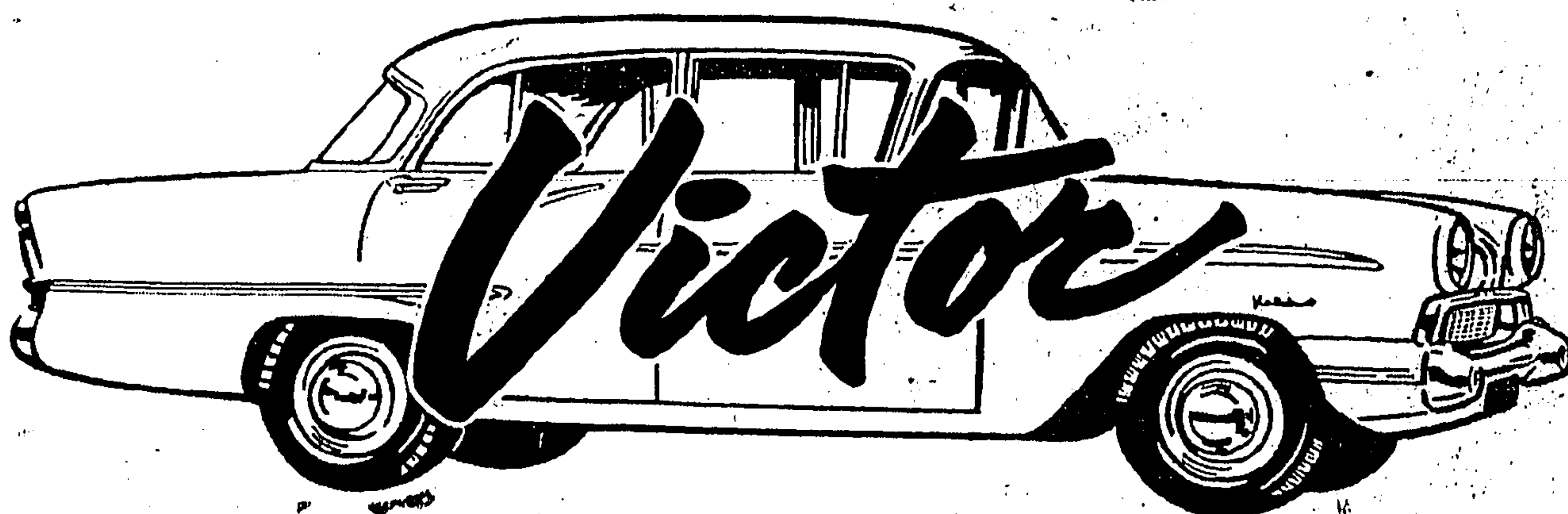


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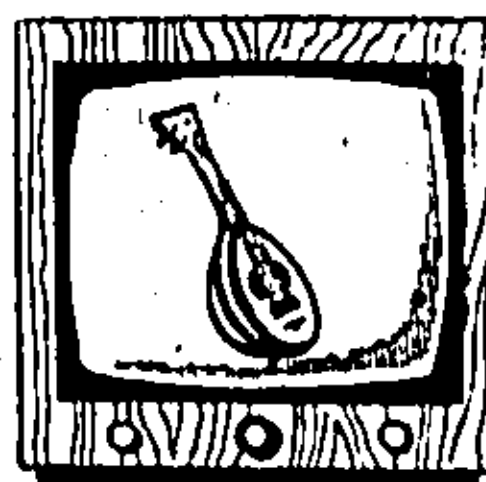
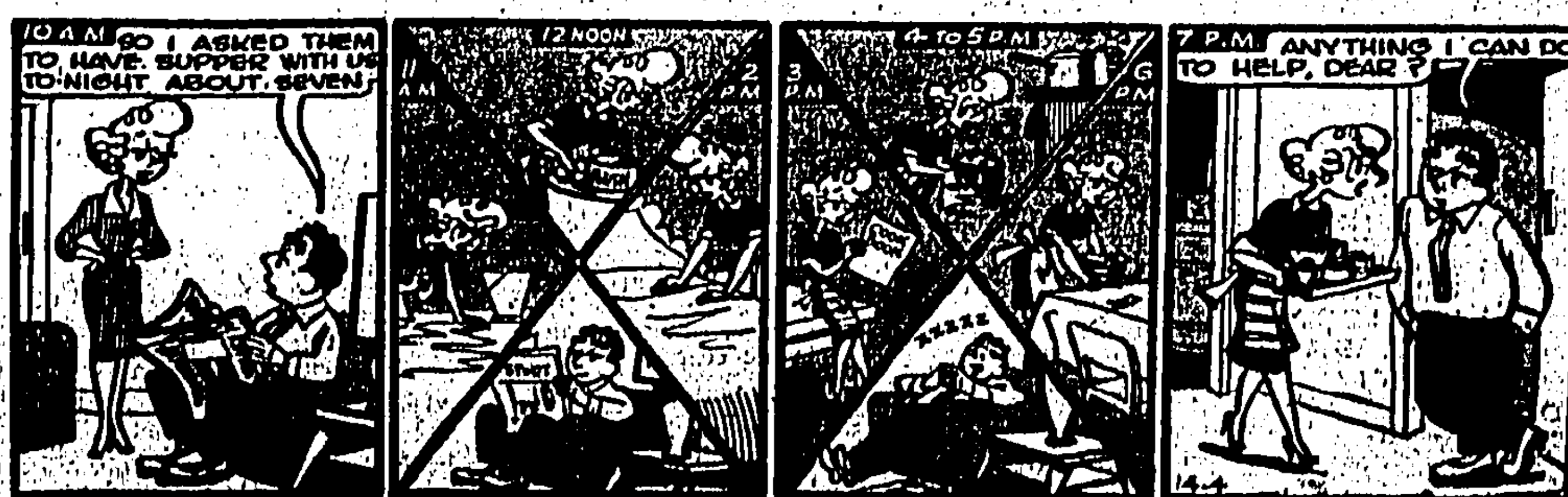
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THE WEEK-END GAMBOLS . . . by Barry Appleby

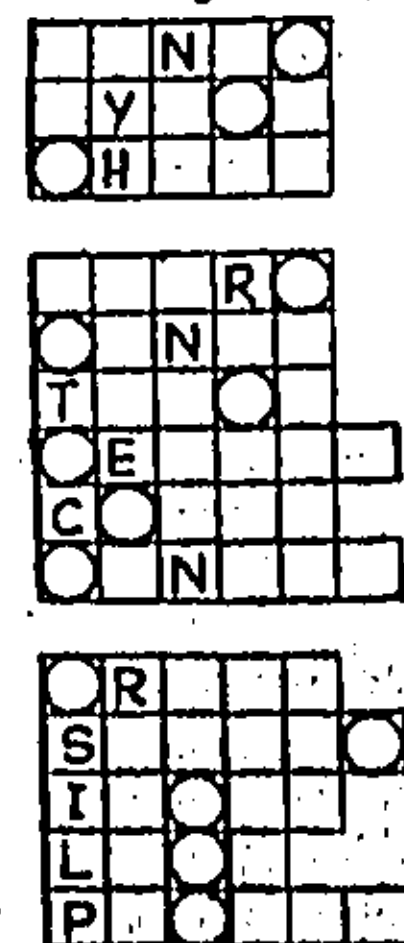


NAMESAKES

INSTRUCTIONS: Fill in the spaces against each of the clues below with a word related to my life. The letters in circles spell out my name. Who am I?

- 1 School punishment
- 2 Song
- 3 Bad and sad
- 4 Woo Hampton
- 5 Numbers one to eight
- 6 Elizabethan
- 7 Tune
- 8 Christmas song
- 9 Has fourteen lines
- 10 Report?
- 11 English county
- 12 In a mirror?
- 13 Musical instrument
- 14 Italian writer

Solution on back Page



BE SPECIFIC

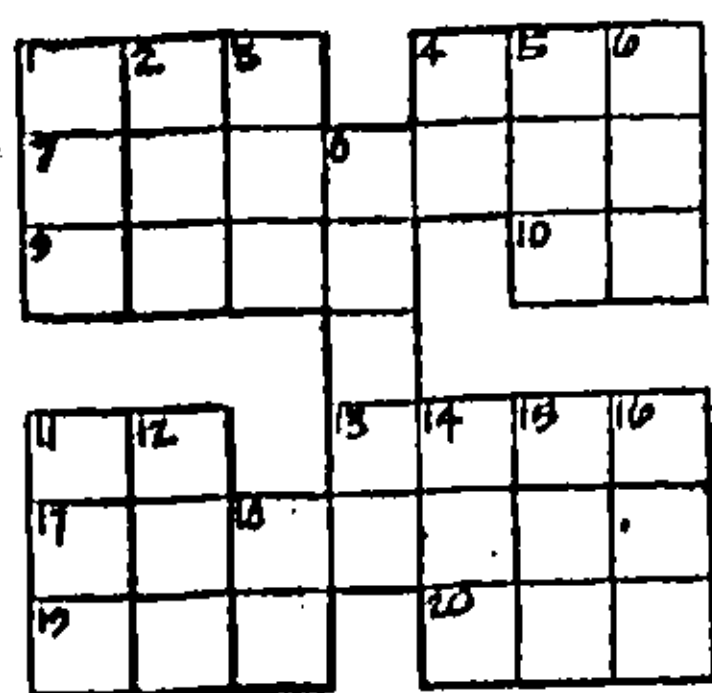


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FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS ★ ★ ★

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD

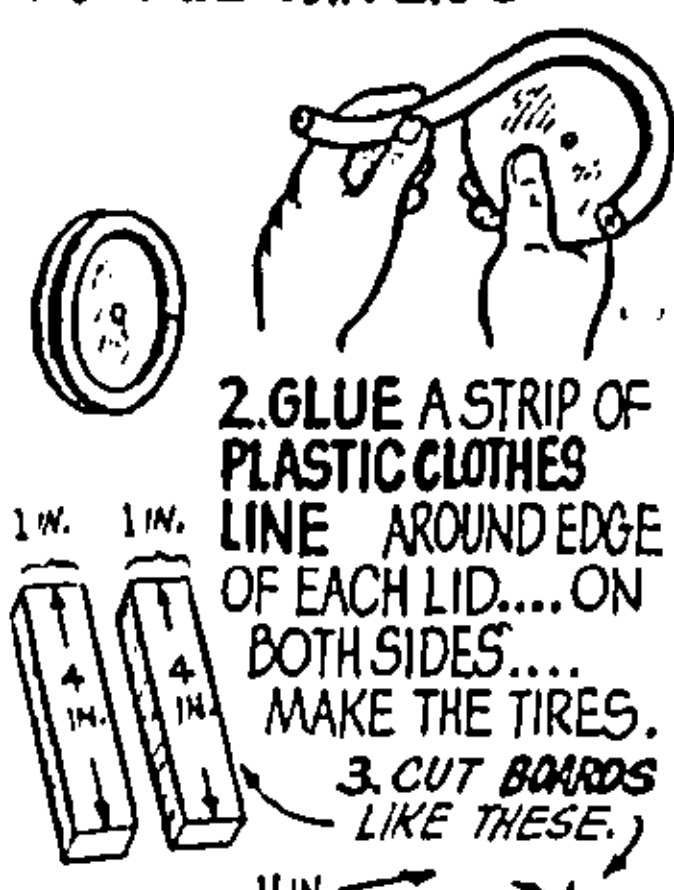


- ACROSS**
- Barrier
 - Vehicle
 - Make active
 - Ocean movement
 - Boy's nickname
 - Morning (ab.)
 - Roman date
 - Put back in condition
 - Busy insect
 - Used by fishermen
- DOWN**
- Baseball stick
 - Cuckoo blackbird
 - Free of
 - Central America (ab.)
 - Dined
 - Colour
 - Earn
 - Constellation
 - Males
 - Put on
 - Before
 - Group of matched pieces
 - Sleets (ab.)

SOUND ALIKES

The Puzzlemaster's missing words sound alike, but they are spelled differently. Can you finish his sentence?
She couldn't see the straight.

HOW TO MAKE A TOY TRUCK



1. W. 1 IN.
2. GLUE A STRIP OF PLASTIC CLOTHES LINE AROUND EDGE OF EACH LID... ON BOTH SIDES... MAKE THE TIRES. 3. CUT BOARDS LIKE THESE.

4. NAIL BOARDS TOGETHER...
GLUE ON CORRS FOR HEAD-LIGHTS

5. GLUE AND NAIL 2 BLOCKS OF WOOD FOR ENGINE AND CAB...
6. NAIL ON WHEELS. GLUE ON CARDBOARD BOX... PAINT WITH WATERCOLOR.

7. NAIL ON WHEELS. GLUE ON CARDBOARD BOX... PAINT WITH WATERCOLOR.

8. NAIL ON WHEELS. GLUE ON CARDBOARD BOX... PAINT WITH WATERCOLOR.

9. NAIL ON WHEELS. GLUE ON CARDBOARD BOX... PAINT WITH WATERCOLOR.

10. NAIL ON WHEELS. GLUE ON CARDBOARD BOX... PAINT WITH WATERCOLOR.

11. NAIL ON WHEELS. GLUE ON CARDBOARD BOX... PAINT WITH WATERCOLOR.

12. NAIL ON WHEELS. GLUE ON CARDBOARD BOX... PAINT WITH WATERCOLOR.

13. NAIL ON WHEELS. GLUE ON CARDBOARD BOX... PAINT WITH WATERCOLOR.

14. NAIL ON WHEELS. GLUE ON CARDBOARD BOX... PAINT WITH WATERCOLOR.

15. NAIL ON WHEELS. GLUE ON CARDBOARD BOX... PAINT WITH WATERCOLOR.

16. NAIL ON WHEELS. GLUE ON CARDBOARD BOX... PAINT WITH WATERCOLOR.

17. NAIL ON WHEELS. GLUE ON CARDBOARD BOX... PAINT WITH WATERCOLOR.

18. NAIL ON WHEELS. GLUE ON CARDBOARD BOX... PAINT WITH WATERCOLOR.

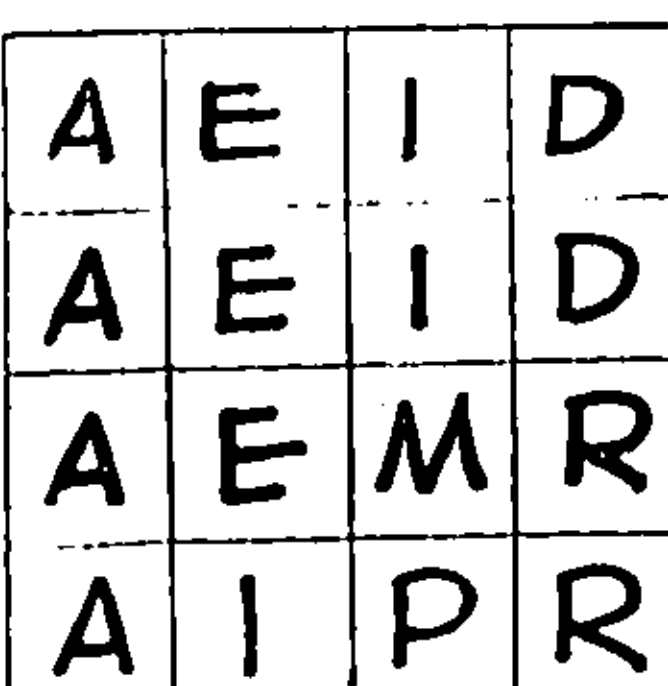
TRIANGLE

SCHOOLS serve as the word from which the Puzzlemaster has made his triangle this time. The second word is "a fold"; third, "an important body organ"; fourth, "rowing implements"; fifth, "a hope" (kila); and sixth an abbreviation for "left end." How good are you at getting the answer from these clues?

SCHOOLS

WORD SQUARE

Rearrange the letters in each row to form a good word and then rearrange the rows so they will read the same down as across:



WORD CHAIN

The Puzzlemaster wonders if you can change DEBT to CASH in five moves, changing one letter at a time and having a good word each time. If you have trouble, he suggests you change B to N, D to C, E to A, N to S, and T to H.

(Solutions on Page 20)

Amusing Mistakes Provide Fun For The Collector

All I need for my hobby is a pair of scissors, a pot of paste and a big book. I collect advertisements. I cut them out of newspapers and magazines and stick them into my book.

"Advertisements?" you're wondering—"Why does he collect advertisements?"

Ah, but my advertisements are different. They're not the ordinary announcements you see every day in the newspaper. No, the kind I collect are queer advertisements—the ones with mistakes in them. Like this one, for instance, which appeared in a newspaper recently:

★ ★ ★

"Wanted. Two reinforced concrete draughtsmen." Or this one: "Nurse required for four-month baby. Good salary."

That nurse will have to get a good salary. I have another advertisement in which a young man wants a job as a partner so that he can "improve" himself inside and out. Queer jobs for queer people!

What do you think of the professor in Norfolk, Virginia, who advertises for a "cook; middle-aged; just plain fool; nothing fancy?"

One of the best "Situations Vacant" ads in my collection is this one: "Wanted. Woman for frying. Wed. and Sat. p.m. in hot dog stand."

Even the hard-headed people of Lancashire, England, can make mistakes. This odd ad appeared in one of their papers: "Lost. Inside gents' wrist watch. P5 Corporation built."

That watch must have been some size. All sorts of odd little items find their way to my book. Some of them have words mis-



spelled, others have mistakes in grammar. Here's another: "For sale. Motor car made in year 1388."

Perhaps that car was used by Columbus' grandfather! Under the heading of "Artistic Sale" you can often find weird and wonderful little items worth cutting out. For instance, look at this queer assortment offered for sale in one paper:

"For sale. Piano by C. Kenmiller and Co., Stuttgart. Iron frame, good condition, ad:

THESE BOOKS WILL MAKE YOU GIGGLE...

SOMETIMES you feel like reading a book that's just for laughing. You don't want to learn a single thing; you only want to be entertained. So this list includes books that are filled with grins, giggles and guffaws.

Start off with Milliken's Ark by Richard Walden. Monkeys in the wheel house, black snakes in the boson's locker, kangaroos in the forecabin and fun on every page.

Mrs. Wappinger's Secret by Florence Hightower is literally a riot. Charley Porter hunts for treasure while brother William runs a garbage route. Add Mrs. Wappinger and the parrot Joe and you really have something.

Starboy by Carl L. Blumiller has the different kind of fun, that of the unexpected. Remo has strange powers and strange toys that bring some surprises.

In Seven Stars for Catfish Bend, Ben Lucien Burman tells by way of Doc Racoon the great achievements of his animal friends down on the Mississippi. When Joe Alligator is tricked



into swallowing a jug... well! If you missed Highwater at Catfish Bend you'll want to read it, too.

Some other amusing and easily read books include Miss Pickering Goes to the Arctic by Ellen MacGregor... you'd have even more fun if you read this one aloud to a younger brother or sister, or to keep your charges quiet if you're baby sitting; The Dagger, the Fish, and Casey McKee by Eileen Clark... hilarious shenanigans indeed; Detectives in Tarns by Henry Winterfield

Tarns by Henry Winterfield... Who wrote "Cahus is a dumbbell" on a sacred wall in

"After using your ointment my face started to clear at once; and after using two jars of ointment it was gone altogether!"

Poor lady. She would find things awkward without a face. Another one in my book advertises a circus. It says: "Admission 50 cents—including tea" instead of "including tax."

Some people, when they put an advertisement into the newspaper, don't say all that what they mean. Look at this one: "Ten shillings reward—lost by a gentleman, a white terrier dog, except the head which is black."

And this one: "Wanted—a young man to look after a horse of the Methodist persuasion."

I have a small ad, advertising an aquarium, which says that there are "tropical fish from all over the world."

★ ★ ★

I have another big advertisement which says that we can have "24 liliums in three different varieties, 8 of each, which will produce flowers throughout the summer, all separately packed and labelled."

I would like to see flowers grow in my garden all separately packed and labelled, wouldn't you?

Here are some more examples from my collection: "Bernard the Butcher's. Customers may inspect their meat while being chopped."

"Wanted—a companion for a lonely peacock. Peacock preferred."

"Bathroom wanted—preferably with one, two or three rooms attached."

—RODERICK WILKINSON

Scientists work at the Modoc Rock Shelter.



A PREHISTORIC TOURIST COURT

TOURIST COURTS are supposed to be modern, but here's one that dates back 8,000 years B.C.

The site is in southern Illinois, near the little town of Modoc, where 100-foot cliffs spread along the edge of the Mississippi flood plain.

Several years ago, when a new road was being built here, a bulldozer dug into a skeleton several feet under the surface. The skeleton looked very old, so anthropologists were called in from several universities to examine the find. They were suddenly excited.

Other excavations along the cliff line revealed more interesting signs. The scientists set up a permanent camp and began to dig seriously.

Each spoonful of earth brought up from the pit was

sifted and screened. Each find was carefully charted and catalogued.

Campfires were found at various levels down to bedrock. Pollen tests were made, bones analysed, carbon tests run on the still radioactive ash.

When the work was completed the scientists came up with a startling story. Man had camped here 10,000 years ago, when America was still partly covered with glaciers. The animal bones found at some of the deeper levels showed that animals, now long extinct, roamed here.

This was a tourist court, used by wandering tribes. They camped here, buried their dead here. They left, and new tribes came—always to this same spot. Its natural shelter from the weather, the river, and wild beasts appealed to their instinct.

The ruin now has been given a permanent name: Modoc Rock Shelter. It is believed to be the oldest human ruin east of the Mississippi.

—GROVER BRINKMAN

A SAILOR WITH WINGS

—Policeman Tells Knarf About An Old Friend—

By MAX TRELL

KNARF, the shadow-boy with the turned-about name, walked down to the end of the street.

On the corner stood Policeman. "Good morning, Policeman," said Knarf.

"Good morning, Knarf," answered Policeman. Policeman smiled and Knarf smiled.

Knarf Was Wondering "I was wondering about something," said Knarf at last. "You were?" said Policeman. "I often wonder about different things. It's good to wonder now and then. But what were you wondering about just now, if you care to tell me?"

"I'd like very much to tell you," said Knarf. "What I was wondering about just now is this: I was wondering what kind of a bird I would want to be if I could be any kind of a bird."

"Ah," said Policeman, "I've often done exactly that same kind of wondering myself."

"You have?" asked Knarf in surprise.

"Oh, yes. Once I had a pet sea gull. I used to talk to him about what kind of a bird it would be best to be if I could turn into a bird at all. My



Policeman used to visit Jack Tar at the pier.

pet sea gull's name was Jack Tar Gull."

"That's a sailor name," said Knarf.

Policeman nodded: "Jack Tar Gull was a sailor through and through, even though he had wings, which sailors don't usually have."

"I used to meet Jack down by the harbour where the ships were docked. Jack loved ships. He used to follow them far out to sea. He would keep flying just over the top of their smoke stacks and wait for the sailors to dump things over the side, then he would swoop down to see if they were good to eat."

"Finally I said: 'Then what kind of a bird can I be?' "Jack Tar Gull laughed: 'A goose,' he said. 'You can fly in the water and waddle on the land. That's for you, my friend. You can be a goose.' "

"And away he flew, still laughing," said Policeman to Knarf. "But I wasn't really angry at him, though I must say that being a goose didn't exactly appeal to me."

"I'd rather be a sparrow," said Knarf. "They don't sing much, they don't fly much, they don't look like much but they're very cheerful, and everybody likes them."

"Very good idea," said Policeman. "I'll give it some thought. Good-bye, Knarf."

"Good-bye, Policeman. Look! I'm a sparrow!" and Knarf went fluffing and chirping all the way down the street.

He almost always got a meal this way. Of course, he had to fly all the way back to land, which generally got him just as hungry again.

"Silly," said Policeman to Knarf, "Jack Tar Gull wouldn't have his kind of living for that of any other bird in the world, no, sir!"

"Take the robin, for instance," he used to say to me as he stood talking to me on the wooden pier. How can any bird go on day after day, just picking around for worms? I wouldn't be a robin for anything!"

"Maybe worms taste good," I said to Jack.

"May be they do," replied Jack, "but I need the sea, I look for waves not worms."

"Or take the eagle," Jack Tar Gull would say. "There's a fine noble bird. He builds his nest high up in the mountains. He flies so high up in the sky you can hardly see him. He likes the mountain peaks. He doesn't care a fig for the sea. I wouldn't change places with him either, no, sir!"

Pretty Discouraged "I was pretty discouraged," said the Policeman to Knarf. "Every kind of bird I mentioned, Jack Tar Gull said that bird wasn't any good."

"Finally I said: 'Then what kind of a bird can I be?' "Jack Tar Gull laughed: 'A goose,' he said. 'You can fly in the water and waddle on the land. That's for you, my friend. You can be a goose.' "

"And away he flew, still laughing," said Policeman to Knarf. "But I wasn't really angry at him, though I must say that being a goose didn't exactly appeal to me."

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"Very good idea," said Policeman. "I'll give it some thought. Good-bye, Knarf."

"Good-bye, Policeman. Look! I'm a sparrow!" and Knarf went fluffing and chirping all the way down the street.

ZOO'S WHO



THE WEASEL IS THE SMALLEST ANIMAL OF ALL FLESH-EATERS. THIS FEROCIOUS MAMMAL WILL ATTACK CREATURES MANY TIMES ITS OWN SIZE, INCLUDING PEOPLE.

IT IS UNLAWFUL TO POCK UP A LOST PAWN AS A PET IN MINNESOTA.

OWLS, IN FLIGHT, ARE AS SWIFT AS SWALLOWS AND ARE AS SENSITIVE TO SOUND AS A RADIO RECEIVING SET. IN ADDITION TO BEING ABLE TO SEE IN THE DARK.

SINGS AND SCOLDS

But the father wren sings all the time. He sings before he enters the house with his piece of straw, even though his mouth is full. He sings after he has placed his straw in the house.

Even when he helps with the feeding of the babies, when they are hatched, he takes time out to sing.

Wren watchers agree, though, that father wren can scold as well as he can sing. If he sees a cat or any other enemy, he makes plenty of noise. He often hops up and down in his excitement.

If you want to join the fun and be a wren-watcher, too, put up a wren house near your house where it will be in full view from a window.

The top of a tall post would be an excellent spot for the house. Cats cannot get at the wren family if the house is perched on a high post, such as a clothes post.

Or you could fasten the house to a corner of the garage.

—EVELYN WITTER

IT'S SURPRISING, when you stop to think about it, how many words in the English language came from our feet. For example: Take the word sabotage.

This "modern" word came from the wooden shoes of the French peasants of the eleventh century. In those times, when the peasants were unfairly treated by their overlords they sometimes avenged themselves by trampling their landlords' grain with their wooden shoes.

The name for their shoes was sabots. So, such action was called sabotage.

When we talk about a man being a blackguard we are talking in terms of polished boots. In the reign of Charles II of England, blackguard simply meant the fellow who blackened officers' boots.

He was generally dressed in black. Many of these workers were coarse, disreputable fellows.

These characteristics, together with their occupation, were responsible for the word blackguard.

The word upstart had a similar beginning. The European peasant wore long boots in the fifteenth century. The English called these "sturtups" or "sturtups."

It was from these terms that we derived the modern word upstart, meaning a person risen to unaccustomed social position.

These are very unusual words. If you leaf through a book on word histories, you will find many others.

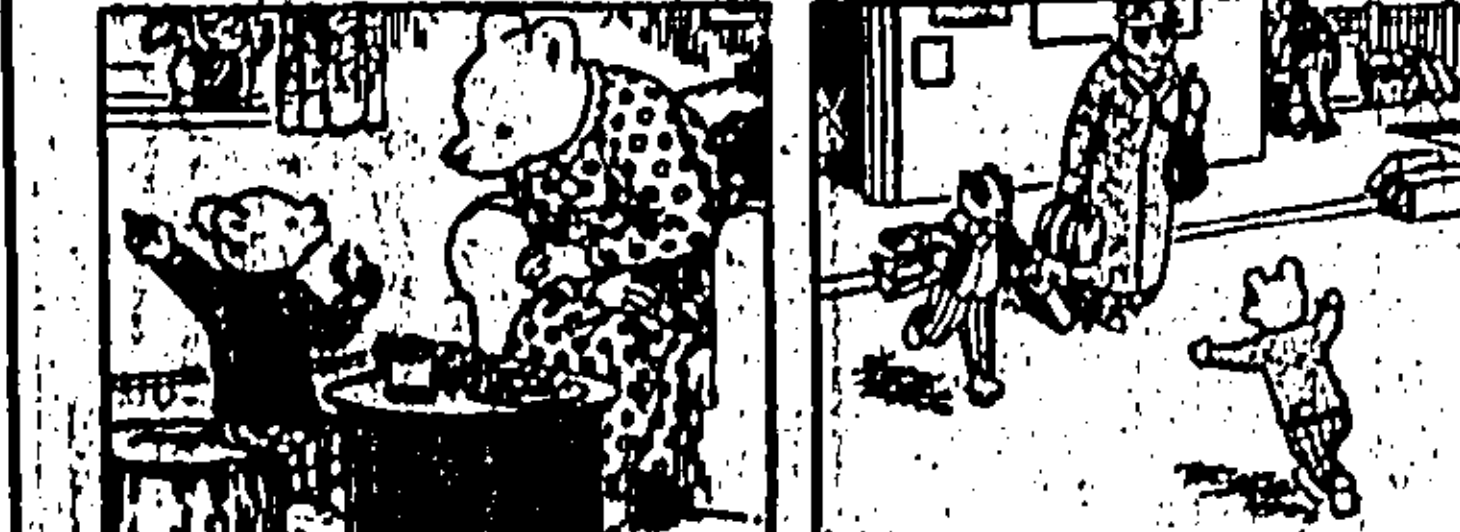
WHY A PIG?

ALMOST everyone has had a piggy bank at home at some time or other. Did you ever wonder why banks are so often made in the shape of a pig, instead of a dog or a cat or some other animal?

It's because the pig in many countries for many hundreds of years has been a symbol of good luck and prosperity.

It is a centuries-old custom to eat baked ham on Easter Day. The early Germans ate roast pork, the Anglo-Saxons ate pork meat, and most of Europe ate pork in one form or another on Easter day.

Rupert and the Rock Pool—33



As Rupert gradually remembers the story of how the rubber rat came back, he is told that he is a pig. The adventure story is really over, but he is still thinking about it.

And—oh, I nearly forgot—this is the day that Bill is joining us. May I go and meet him? Mrs. Bear doesn't want to let him out of her sight, but at length he is allowed to go to the station just as Mrs. Badger and Bill arrive with their luggage.

ADD NAMES

YOUR BIRTHDAY... by STELLA

SATURDAY, APRIL 27

BORN today, you have an exceptionally strong will—unbending against any assault except one made through the emotional. You like to make out that you are stern and cold-hearted. Exactly the opposite is true. You are emotional, affectionate, and demonstrative. But you may have received a rebuff early in youth and, hence, "bottle up" your feelings excepting only those who are closest to you. An early marriage would be best for you, as it will give you an opportunity to express your normal affections without repression.

You men are interested in science, are analytical in all your interests and quite philosophical about life. Your main difficulty, however, is that you often become depressed for seemingly no reason at all. The more you try to find out why you are in the dumps, the further down you go! Actually, it may be a question of health or boredom. Get a physical checkup first. If there is nothing physically wrong, then make it a point to get more variety into your life. Stir up things. Get a new interest. A new romance sometimes helps. Pay a visit to someone out of town. In other words, change your scene of activity and you will discover that you are finding a new zest for life!

Recognition and fame may be slow in coming, but once they arrive they will be substantial and permanent. In fact, you may not live to see your true status evaluated. But be assured that all the work you put into your job eventually will count in your favour. Among those born on this date were: Edward Gibbon, historian; Ulysses S. Grant, U.S. President; Herbert Spencer, sociologist and philosopher; Samuel B. Morse, inventor; and Victor Harris, educator and composer.

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

SUNDAY, APRIL 28

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—Seek inspiration for your usual Sunday devotions and you will be strengthened to carry on Plan a social evening.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Take time to review your affairs against liabilities, and make minute plans for progressing during the next few weeks.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—Contribute substantially to the welfare of your community. Giving of your time is usually as important as money.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Church and community events hold a real significance for you today as well as bringing real pleasure.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Meet friends who will encourage you in your current ambitions and perhaps show you how to attain them.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Friends today can be a source of real inspiration. Cultural and intellectual pursuits are favoured.

BORN today, you possess a determination which is a little too apt to express itself in pugnaciousness. You were given a strong character—a little dogmatic, perhaps, but one which gives you the determination to carry out almost any objective you may envision. True, you are not as original in your thinking as many, but you do know how to assemble your facts, analyse them and apply them to a problem. By parading your observations in a forthright style, you impress others with your erudition and "know-how."

Although you might be the first to deny it, your intuitions play a large role in the making of your decisions. When considering a plan, you have a feeling that such and such a decision is right, although at the time you may not be able to give a reason. You make your decision; then you analyse it to discover logical reasons. Hence, the next time you are asked for reasons, there is no need for mystery. You can marshal a smart array. But your basic decision was right. Don't neglect this gift. Make use of it. You will go further and faster if you do.

Since you enjoy the company of the opposite sex, you probably will be the life of any social gathering, for you have definite social grace and are naturally sympathetic and kind toward others. You have many of the qualifications of the successful politician and some of the talents of a statesman. You have the gift for dramatic expression and will dramatise your personal life if your public life does not permit.

Among those born on this date: James Monroe, U.S. President; Bryant Washburn and Lionel Barrymore, actors; Harold Bauer, pianist; and Texas Guinan, night club hostess and owner of the "20s."

To find what the stars have in store for you tomorrow, select your birthday star and read the corresponding paragraph. Let your birthday star be your daily guide.

MONDAY, APRIL 29

TAURUS (Apr. 21-May 21)—New moon brings bright, new prospects for all those of your sign for the coming four weeks. Act decisively now.

GEMINI (May 22-June 21)—Combine social and business for the best possible results during the next month. Success is now yours.

CANCER (June 22-July 23)—One of the most important days this month, so make a decision which will influence your activities all during the next.

LEO (July 24-Aug. 23)—Business is definitely stimulated for the next four weeks. Be sure that you act wisely during this period.

VIRGO (Aug. 24-Sept. 23)—Now channels for improvement in your personal and professional affairs are now being opened. Achievement is possible.

LIBRA (Sept. 24-Oct. 23)—Legal matters, long hanging fire, now can be settled to your advantage. See that you benefit on all counts.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24-Nov. 22)—Partnership affairs, either on the business or domestic front, show a real improvement at this time.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23-Dec. 22)—If you take good care of your health now, there can be nothing to impede your continuing success.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23-Jan. 20)—Valuable opportunities for worthwhile advancement are apt to open up before you now. Act decisively.

Colonel UP and Mr. DOWN... by Walter



PARADE

A COLUMN OF THE UNUSUAL ABOUT PEOPLE AND PLACES AND THINGS

TOUGH TEASING Thick-set Stellan crew member of the tanker Northern Gulf dived overboard 100 miles west of Cape Town because his shipmates teased him too much.

He was in a bad way when rescued 30 hours later by a British tanker. He was unable to move or speak. He said: "I took with me a cork lifebelt and a copper bar to fight off the big fish if they attacked me. When I got tired I lay on the lifebelt." When picked up, he had drifted 80 miles. No "big fish" attacked.

HOT COUNTRY Villagers fought with swords and axes for a disputed neem (sweet fruit) tree in dusty Majli, near the Hindu holy city of Benares. Eight were killed, two more ended up in hospital and six were gaoled. Cause of the fight: one village faction, intent on cutting the tree down for timber, were opposed by the other who wanted to keep its shade and fruit.

MOT JUSTE Malayan unionists who complained to the Government that the country's labour laws did not distinguish between male and female workers were given this classic answer:

"For all purposes where these laws apply, the male can be taken as embracing the female."

JUSTE A MOT Millions of viewers watching the BBC's television magazine programme "Panorama" on the night of April 1 saw a short documentary on "spaghetti harvesting."

The film showed workers picking long lengths of spaghetti from "spaghetti trees" and loading them into baskets.

To the people who phoned the BBC protesting that spaghetti did not grow on trees, the cor-

poration replied: "It was just an April Fool's Day joke." The next day a London evening newspaper suggested that the same programme should include as its next feature, "A survey of macaroni mines."

TIGHT SQUEEZE A lift, Army deserter squeezed through a nine-inch hole into an attic when police went to arrest him. It was said at Kettering, Northants. A policeman told the magistrates that the only way he could get the man out of the attic was by calling in builders to get into the roof from outside, but before work started the man came out and was arrested.

FLYING ROADSTER Colin Evans, 13, took the bus to school last week. He had been banned from cycling after ignoring a "cycle safely" warning and leading a senior master a 42-mile-an-hour chase on his bicycle.

The master, who was driving a car, gave up the chase when Colin showed no signs of slackening.

TRENCHMAN'S GLORY A Lisbon eating con test between the champion trenchermen of three Southern Portuguese districts ended inconclusively—though not ingloriously—when the victuals ran out.

Forks were drawn and the match was postponed after spectators had ransacked their own larders for further supplies which proved inadequate to force a decision.

CUT HER HOUSE OF TEA House that Al Sieck, soft drink executive, is building for his bride Joan Crawford, in New York, is proving more expensive than he thought.

DARTWORDS

START HERE

Today the Dart-words Puzzle begins with the word **AUTUMN** and ends, appropriately enough, since it is autumn, with **WINTER**. You have to get from one to the other by rearranging the other 48 words in the circle in such a way that the relationship of any word and the one next to it is governed by one of six rules.

Rules: (1) The word may be an anagram of the word before it. (2) It may be a synonym of the word that precedes it. (3) It may be found by adding one letter to, or subtracting one letter from, or changing one letter in the preceding word. (4) It may be associated with the preceding word in a saying, simile, metaphor, or association of ideas. (5) It may form with the preceding word a name of a well-known person, place, or thing in fact or fiction. (6) It may be associated with the preceding word in a title or in the action of a book, play, or other composition. (7) A typical succession of words might be: Barnaby Rudge, Nine Cove, Core Pore, Rope Trick, Rick Rack, Ruck Brull.

(Solution on Page 20)

This Funny World



"It's been exactly thirteen years, two months and three days since you last said you loved me!"

JACOBY ON BRIDGE

When To Trump Partner's Trick

By OSWALD JACOBY

EAST's three heart jump overall was intended to make it difficult for his vulnerable opponents to find their best contract. Such bids are effective on occasion although this time North and South had no trouble in getting to the normal spade game.

West opened his singleton heart and South won East's nine with the ace. Dummy's ace of clubs won the second trick and the five of diamonds was led. East played the eight and declarer's king fell to West's ace.

Now West led a trump. Declarer won in dummy, ruffed a low club and led the deuce of diamonds. West played the three and East's ten spot took that trick. East laid down the king of hearts and now West came up with a brilliant play to set the contract. He trumped his partner's trick in order to lead a second trump.

This was the only play to set the contract at this point. Had West failed to trump East would

NORTH (D)		5	
♠ AK 10 8			
♥ 3 2			
♦ 7 5			
♣ AJ 9 6 3			
WEST	EAST		
♠ 5 4 3	♠ 2		
♥ 7	♥ K Q J 10 9 8 5		
♦ AJ 9 3	♦ Q 10 8		
♣ K 10 8 5 2	♣ Q 4		
SOUTH			
♠ Q J 9 7 6			
♥ A 8 4			
♦ K 6 4 2			
♣ 7			
North and South vulnerable			
North	East	South	West
1 ♣	3 ♥	3 ♣	Pass
4 ♣	Pass	Pass	Pass
Opening lead—♥ 7			

BY THE WAY

By Beachcomber

ALL FOOLS' DAY. When I was but a little lad it was the custom to make fools of people by saying: "There's a hole in your hat..." April fool! That my tendency to exaggerate always led me astray.

I would say: "There is a camel in your study, papa," adding "April fool!" before my father had had time to investigate. Once I said: "Papa, there is a lion in the nursery." And before I could cry "April fool!" my father said: "You are mistaken. It's a tiger. April fool!"

"Funiculi funicular!"

(Apline song)

"NOTHING IS GAINED," said a politician the other day, "by being stubborn when proved wrong." For instance, if you once believed that Schubert was a German composer it is merely foolish to contend that Schubert is a Turkish drink. And, if I may make so bold as to say so, vice versa.

Diary for 1958

June 3: Decision of the Nassau Conference that if someone will stop making bomb-tests, everyone will follow suit. Meanwhile, as nobody has the moral courage to be the first to stop the tests, everyone will sign a pledge not to continue the tests after someone has given the lead in stopping them. "Since the precise nature of the danger is unknown," said a spokesman, "it would be rash to assume that there is any danger at all."

In passing

It has been computed, by a racial wit, that there are now 37,304 bodies known by their initials, and more are coming into being every day. This explains why enterprising men can gain admittance to houses by saying, "I am from VIPO," or "DLS has sent me." The cowed householder, who thinks it is a question of being evicted, gives the intruder the run of the house, and is so relieved at being allowed to remain in his home that he is prepared to overlook trifling thefts.

A weighty decision

CALLED on to decide whether a lukewarm smelt is an article of food, if sold between 9.45 and 4.30 on a Thursday, Mr Justice Cockfield ruled that if the smelt is lukewarm through being cooked and left about it is an article of food. If, however, it is lukewarm through being kept in someone's pocket, or through the action of the temperature obtaining at the time it is not an article of food. It may therefore be purchased even on a Tuesday after 8.15. This, of course, does not apply to whitebait, except in special cases.

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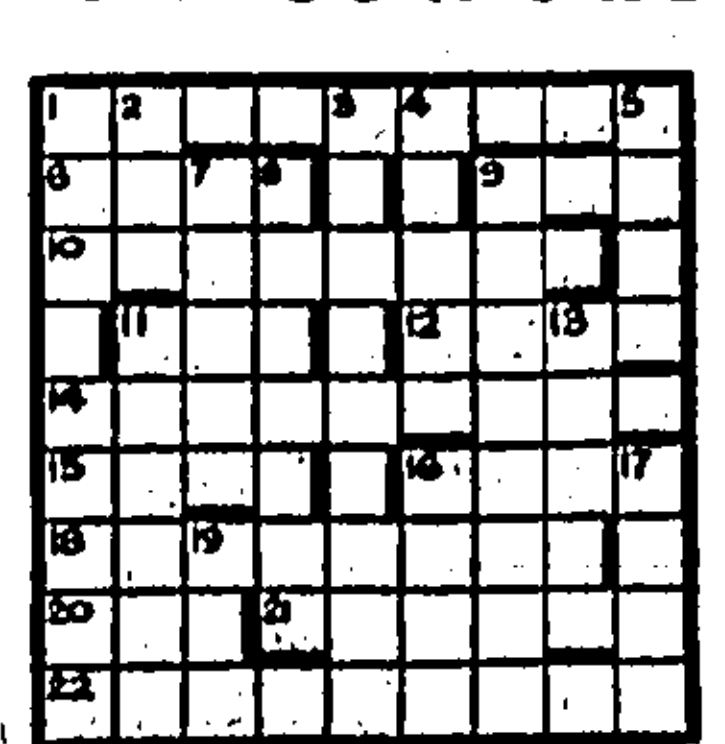


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WHITE HORSE Scotch Whisky

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Sole Importers: JARDINE MATHESON & CO. LTD., HONG KONG.

CROSSWORD



1. Into a cave—quite a mix-up. (9)
2. Just a chance. (4)
3. No! No! No! (8)
4. A character not an inside story? (8)
5. One place to see the wind and 11. One of two teams. (4)
6. A tasteless. (4)
7. Holiday for the last time? (4)
8. Old one means a book. (4)
9. The new look was (1, 12, 13)
10. A surprise to his. (4)
11. A clue for long waiting. (8)
12. They give some protection around the front. (6)

Down
1. Pottery factory. (6)
2. The folk for a host. (8)
3. You owe me a drink around you. (4)
4. Village owes a lot to this kind of drink. (4)
5. Kind of sea or an ocean. (6)
6. A name for a kind of sea. (4)
7. A village at the top. (7)
8. A name for a kind of sea. (4)
9. A name for a kind of sea. (4)
10. The sea is on the. (4)
11. The sea is on the. (4)
12. The sea is on the. (4)
13. The sea is on the. (4)
14. The sea is on the. (4)
15. The sea is on the. (4)
16. The sea is on the. (4)
17. The sea is on the. (4)



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